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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay. By the Author of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. 12mo. pp. 403. Edinburgh, Blackwood. London, Cadell.

This is a pathetic, perhaps we should say more correctly a melancholy tale. Like the majority of those beautiful sketches, by the same hand, alluded to in the title-page, the shadows are almost entirely earthly, while the lights might have been in the singular number—the light of religious comfort and consolation in the midst of the deepest afflictions. The design of enforcing this precept is no doubt praiseworthy; but, such worldly creatures are we, that we exceedingly question its utility. To exhibit the pious and virtuous in a constant state of suffering, overwhelmed with every possible misfortune that can attend humanity, losing all that could render life desirable, and only living through an ordeal of miseries to fit them for a world to come, is, we fear, in these times no great inducement to piety and virtue. It associates religion so entirely with unhappiness, (for the evils are all ostensible, while the sustinements are secret, internal and imperceptible,) that the effects produced on the mind by contemplating the picture, are more likely to be disinclination and dread than propension and love. The wonderful endurance of mortal wretchedness, the ease with which believers are reconciled to calamity, and all the solaced equanimity of spirit which they display, astound rather than seduce.

— Against such cruelties,
With inward consolations recompensed;
And oft supported so, as shall amaze—

is the word employed by the glorious Milton; and amazement is not the feeling which leads the heart to imitation. For these reasons we do not altogether admire the author's gloomy Calvinistic views of human nature; though we cannot help being intensely affected by the pathos of many of his descriptions. Probably they would affect us still more deeply, even in a literary, as well as in a moral sense, were the author less profuse of distress, sickness, and death-beds. But he is an unrelenting killer of his characters, and hardly leaves a burier of the dead: a very literary Vampire, or Worm, whose revels all belong to the charnel house. It has been observed of Homer, that all his warriors are slain by different kinds of wounds; and Mr. Wilson (we guess) who destroys in peace as many as the Greek bard in war, is equally various with his fatal diseases. The instruments are not the same, but the effects are. Homer employs spears, stones, arrows, &c. and pierces the heart or batters the head: our author calls in the aid of drowning, sorrow, age, typhus-fever, &c. and exhibits all the routes to the tomb, on couch or on the bare earth, in tranquillity or in pain, in hopefulness or in agony. This through above four hundred pages is, if we judge by our own sensations, rather too much; though we are

ready to acknowledge the powerful manner with which it is done. The whole Tale (though some of the expedients to excite sympathy are coarse, or trite) is wrought up with prodigious interest, and the passions are appealed to with such truth and force, that few readers, we think, will fail to pay the tribute of many tears to the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*.

But there is still one other criticism upon this work, and upon the class to which it belongs, of which the Scotch press has of late been very prolific. We allude to the strong union of Scripture with fiction. Without impeaching the intentions of the writers, we must say that we consider their style and sentiments, in connexion with this point, to be nothing short of profanation. They make a mere toy of the Bible. The constant use of the language of the sacred Volume; the direct references to the Saviour of mankind and his sufferings on the cross; the introduction of prayers, and praying to God on every occasion; and indeed the prevailing quietism and cant (we cannot take a softer term) of this School, seems calculated to be injurious to sober religious principles, and to Christianity itself. And besides the excess to which we have alluded, so will it be found that in the style adopted by these sentimental or sympathetic religionists, there is an affectation which will not bear to be often repeated without offending taste and judgment:—the mannerism of the phraseology; the “thats,” “innocents,” “beautifuls,” “out-breakings,” &c. &c. are so everlasting, that we cannot quote a page without illustrating our position.

Mr. W. writes with a black pen on mourning-paper; and, though we trust his own life does not exemplify his sad precepts, he opposes himself with all his strength to disprove the Anacreontic lyrist, who sings—

This world they say's a world of woe,

But that I do deny;

Cath sorrow from the goblet flow,

Or pain from Beauty's eye?

On the contrary, his goblets are full of bitterness—it may be medicine in his way; and his Beauties are really very lachrymose personages, from whose eyes nothing but the infection of tears can flow. The Lyndsays are a lowly but respectable family, residing in a neat cottage at the pleasant village of Braehead, near Edinburgh. Walter, the father, is foreman to a printing establishment, and resembles that class generally, in being a man of masculine mind and superior intelligence. His wife, Alice Craig, is amiable and good in all the relations of life; married young to the man of her heart, and the mother of four children, Margaret (the heroine, a perfect model of prudence, resignation, and virtue;) Laurence, a brave sailor; Esther, a sweet-tempered girl, blind from infancy, and a beautiful musician; and Marion, another girl, from the unfortunate result of a brain fever, left in a state of mental alienation described by the appellation of an “innocent.” Walter's aged

mother completes this family circle, which lives for many years in humble happiness, till in evil hour the father, infected by the writings of Paine, becomes an infidel and treasonable conspirator. The consequences of this change are estrangement from his home, an improper connexion with an abandoned female, and ultimately imprisonment and trial for the crime of sedition. He is not, however, convicted; and on being discharged, he resolves to fly with his erring companion, making but one farewell-visit to his once smiling cottage. The picture of this act is in the author's best manner:

“It was late when he reached the door of his own house,—and had not his brain been inflamed with wine into a temporary madness, there was not wickedness enough in his breast to have suffered him to put his desperate purpose into execution. He violently threw open the door, and entered with a face on which the flush of debauchery looked fearful on the wan and ghastly hue brought there by the blue damps of a stone cell. Alice and Margaret were sitting together, beside a small turf fire; but neither of them could move on this great and sudden joy. They had known he was not to die; but they had expected everlasting expatriation. Now he stood before them in his own house—by the light of his own fire—and their hearts died within them. A sigh—a groan—a gasp, was his only welcome. He well knew the cause of such silence, but he determined to misunderstand it, that he might, by his own injustice and cruelty, fortify the savage resolution of his soul. ‘What kind of a reception is this for a husband or a father returning from long, cruel, and unjust imprisonment? But it matters not. I am come hither for a few minutes to say farewell to you all. Edinburgh is no place for me. You both know that I will send you all the money I can. But I must leave this to-night. So, wife, give me your hand:—I hope you are glad I am set free.’

“These words struck upon their hearts just as they were recovering from the shock of joy. They both hung down their heads, and covering their faces with their hands, both sorely wept. The infatuated man sat down between them, and spoke with a little more gentleness. But still his words were so hurried, and his looks so wild, that each thought within herself, that his confinement or his liberation had affected his reason; and both likewise hoped, that for a little while only, it might be even so. But soon they were sure that he was lost to them, perhaps for ever; for there came a sterner expression over his countenance; and in speaking of his departure, he used fewer words, but these were calm, unequivocal, and resolved. ‘I have sworn, and I will keep to my oath, in face of persecution, and poverty, and death, to leave this accursed Edinburgh, and all that belong to it. I will send you money when I can. But you have been able to support yourselves for some time. Alice—don't attempt to utter

one word.—I will, and must go.—What, Margaret, will you dare to lift up a look or a word against your father? Margaret had risen from her stool, on which she had for years sat at night by her father's knees. But his stern voice stopt her, as she was about to take his hand, and beseech him not to leave them all in despair. She remained motionless, with her pale and weeping face leaning towards him, almost in fear, while her mother sat still, covering her face, and knowing, in the darkness of her sight and her soul, that all was lost.

"At that moment, all eyes were turned from the fitful glimmering of the peat-fire, towards the door of the small room in which the old woman lay, and which seemed slowly opening of itself. 'God have mercy upon us!' said Walter Lyndsay, as his mother, who had been so long bed-ridden and palsied, came trembling and tottering towards them, with her long grey locks hanging over her dim eyes and withered cheeks, and her hands held up in angry and melancholy upbraiding of her sinful son. 'If thou leavest thy wife and children, Walter, take with thee the curse of thy mother along with the curse of thy conscience and the curse of thy God!' And with these words, she, who had, till this moment, been for years a palsied cripple, fell down upon the floor, and, without motion or groan, lay as if she were dead.

"It all past in a moment of wonder and amazement; but the apparent corpse was soon lifted up and laid upon its bed. Alice and Margaret were busy in trying to restore her to life—hoping it might be but a swoon, from the grievous fall. Her miserable son, seeing that she was dead, rushed out of the house, with her curse yet shrieking in his ears, and knew that, in this world, his misery was perfect."

He ultimately flies, and his family are obliged to quit their rural abode in order to seek a livelihood in one of the close lanes of the capital:

"The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun—no wind—no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible Heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door, ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out—the shutters closed—the door was locked—and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl, and poor Marion, were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the Robin red-breast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone-seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There,' said she, 'is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'.' The widow had by this

time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers with their children in their arms, had given the 'God bless you, Alice, God bless you, Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

"A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better,—others with woe-begone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty, on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. — — —

"The cart stopt at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours,—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people, came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said, 'Aye, aye, here's the flitting, I see warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lyndsay? Hech, sers, but you've gotten a nasty could wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro.—Hae ye had any tidings, say ye, o' your gudeman since he gaed aff wi' that limmer?—dool be wi' her and a' sic like.' Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. 'I thoct you wa'd na be the waur o' a bit fire,—so, though ye gied me ae orders, I raked thegither a wheen shavings, and wi' ane o' Jock's spunks I soon made a bleeze. They're your ain coals, and the lum's a grand drawer in a' win's. I kent that in Mr. Jamieson's time,—for he often used to say that he had na a smoky house, although aiblins he might hae a scolding wife.'—'Haud your tongue, you twaiple,' cried another of the gossips,—'here's a dram for the carter,—the whisky's uncdo gude the noo at Tam Spiers's.—Take it aff, man, and Mrs. Lyndsay mun pree't herself.' In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down,—the room decently arranged,—one and all of the neighbours said 'Gude night,'—and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

"They blessed and eat their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane, of passing merriment or anger,—but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor, 'Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep! He, like the world, his ready visit pays Where fortune smiles;—the wretched he forsakes: Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe, And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

"Not so did Sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams."

Here, by teaching a little school, the Lyndsays support nature, and are respected in their downcast station. Laurence returns from the West Indies, and is accompanied in his joyful visit by a youthful English sailor named Harry Needham, between whom and the lovely Margaret an attachment ensues. The boy is accidentally drowned on a Sabbath day, which he and her own love had induced Margaret to break by sailing in a boat upon the Frith of Forth; and from this period "death's shafts fly thick." Walter Lyndsay, the father, dies miserably at Glasgow; Esther and Marion die of typhus fever; Alice, the mother, soon sinks into the grave; and, in short, all die but Laurence, who is abroad, and Margaret, who is kindly taken into the household of Mrs. Wedderburne, and appointed governess to her younger daughters. In this elevated family Margaret speedily becomes polished and elegant, as she was before prepossessing and delicate in her person and manners. Richard Wedderburne, the heir of an ancient race, falls in love with her, and offers his hand; but her gratitude and good principles triumph; she rejects rank and distinction, and secretly leaves the delightful residence of her benefactress, friends, pupils, and lover. She seeks refuge in the west of Scotland with Daniel Craig, an uncle of her mother, but who had not preserved any intercourse with his relations. His character is well drawn; he receives the orphan affectionately, and she renders his latter days so happy, that at his death he bequeaths her the pretty estate of Nether-Stones and an independency. From this portion we are glad to select almost the only one of the *Lights* which shows that our author, besides his sickly and sombre temperament, possesses a relish for gaiety and humour:

Margaret was placed in a rank of society which brought her (like Jenny's Babwee) numerous suitors. Among these was one "likely, according to public opinion, to have been a thriving wooer—the Reverend Eneas M'Taggart of Drumluke. He was considered by himself and some others to be the best preacher in the synod; and, since Daniel Craig's death, had contrived to hold forth more than once in the kirk of Casterton. He was very oratorically disposed; and had got the gold medal at "Glasgow College" for the best specimen of elocution. This medal he generally carried in his pocket, and he had favoured Miss Lyndsay with a sight of it once in the Mause, and once when they were alone eating gooseberries in the garden of Nether-Place. The only thing very peculiar in his enunciation was a burr, which might, on first hearing, have subjected him to the imputation of being a Northumbrian; but then there was an indescribably ascending tone in his speech, running up eagerly to the top of a sentence, like a person in a hurry to the head of a stair-case, that clenched him at once as a native of Paisley, born of parents from about Tynedrum or Breadalbane. Mr. M'Taggart was a moral preacher; and he had one Sermon upon Sympathy, which he had delivered before the Commissioner, wherein were touches equal, or indeed superior, to any thing in Logan—and no wonder, for they were in a great mea-

sure attributable to Adam Smith. This celebrated Sermon did the pious Æneas pour forth, with mixed motives, to the congregation of Casterton; and ever and anon he laid his hand upon his heart, and looked towards a pew near the window beneath the loft, on the left-hand side of the pulpit.

"A few days after this judicious and instructive exhibition, Mr. M'Taggart, with both Medal and Sermon in his pocket, rode up to the door of Nether-Place, like a man bent on bold and high emprise. Mysie was half afraid to lead his steed to the stable—for he was an exceedingly formidable looking animal, greatly above the usual stature of horses in that part of the country—as indeed well he might, for, during several years, he had carried an enormous black hight Cupid Congo, kettle-drummer to that since highly distinguished regiment the Scots Greys. However, he was not so fierce as he looked; but, prophetic of provender, allowed Mysie to lead him away like a lamb into a stable which he could not enter till he "had stooped his anointed head." Meanwhile, the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart was proceeding to business.

"The young Divine took his place, after a little elegant badinage, on the parlour hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his coat-flaps opening behind, and gathered up each below an elbow—the attitude which of all others makes a person appear most like a gentleman. "Pray, Ma'am, have you ever read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments?"—"No, Sir, I never have; indeed, from what I have seen said of it in other volumes, I fear it may be above the comprehension of a poor weak woman."—"Not if properly explained by a superior mind—Miss Lyndsay. The great leading doctrine of this theory is, that our moral judgment follows, or is founded on, our sympathetic affections or emotions. But then it requires to be particularly attended to, that, according to Dr. Adam Smith, we do not sympathize directly with the emotions of the agent, but indirectly with what we suppose would be the feelings which we ourselves should entertain if placed in his situation. Do you comprehend, Ma'am?"—"It would be presumption in me, Mr. M'Taggart, to say that I do perfectly comprehend it; but I do a little, and it seems to be pretty much like what you illustrated so eloquently in your discourse last Sabbath."—"Yes, Ma'am, it is the germ, which I unfolded under the stronger light of more advanced philosophy. You will observe, Miss Lyndsay, that often a man is placed in a situation where he feels nothing for himself, but where the judicious observer, notwithstanding, feels for him—perhaps pity, or even disgust?"—"and with that he expanded himself before the chimney, not unlike a great turkey-cock with his van-tail displayed in a farm-yard. Margaret requested him to have the goodness to take the poker and stir up the fire."—"Certainly, Ma'am, certainly—that is an office which they say a man should not take upon himself, under seven years acquaintance; but I hope Miss Lyndsay does not look upon me as a stranger." Therewith he smashed exultingly the large lump of coal, and continued, "Then, Ma'am, as to the Sense of Propriety;"—but here Mysie opened the door, and came in with a fluster. "My conscience, Mr. M'Taggart, that beast o' yours is eating the crib—it'll take James Adams a forenoon-job with his plane to smooth aff the splinters—he's a devil o' a horse you,

and likes shavings better than last year's hay." This was an awkward interruption to the 'young man eloquent,' who was within a few paragraphs of putting the question. But Mysie withdrew—and Mr. M'Taggart forthwith declared his heart. Before Margaret could reply, he strenuously urged his suit. "The heritors are bound to build me a new Manse—and the teinds are far from being exhausted. I have raised a process of augmentation, and expect seven additional chawder. Ilay Campbell is the friend of the clergy. The stipend is £137 17s. 6d. in money—and likewise from the Widows' Fund you will be entitled, on my decease, to £30 per annum, be it less or more—so that—" Margaret was overwhelmed with such brilliant prospects, and could not utter a word. "Give me, Ma'am, a categorical answer—be composed—be quiet—I respect the natural modesty of the sex—but as for Nether-Place, it shall be settled as you and our common friend Mr. Oswald shall fix, upon our children."

A categorical answer was one which Margaret did not very clearly understand; but she instantly felt that perhaps it might be the little expressive word—"No;" and accordingly she hazarded that monosyllable. Mr. M'Taggart, the Man of the Medal, was confounded and irritated—he could not believe his ears, long as they were, and insisted upon an immediate explanation. In a few minutes things were brought to a proper bearing; and it was felt that the Sermon on Sympathy had not produced the expected effect. It is grievous to think, that Æneas was barely civil on his departure; and flung his leg over old Cromwell with such vehemence as almost to derange the balance of power, and very nearly to bring the pride of the Presbytery to the gravel. However, he regained his equilibrium, and

With his left heel insidiously aside,

Provoked the caper that he seemed to chide,

till he disappeared out of the avenue, from the wondering eyes of Mysie, who kept exclaiming, 'Safe us—he's like a rough rider! Luke now, the beast's funkng like mad, and then up again wi' his forelegs like a perfect unicorn.'

The successful wooer comes at last in the person of Ludovic Oswald, a wounded ensign, and son of the minister of the parish. With a woman's waywardness, Margaret prefers him to all the world, and weds him, though warned of his having been guilty of much vice and atrocity in his early years. The fruits of these eccentricities appear soon after their marriage, in the shape of a preceding wife, and a boy four years old. Margaret, once more Lyndsay, is dreadfully shocked by this trial, but, as usual, surmounts it. In a space, the first Mrs. Oswald dies; the husband, who had fled, returns penitent and dying, but is revived so long as to have a son and daughter from Margaret. He then also departs in peace; and the Tale closes with an intimation that his widow is not likely long to survive.

Such is the book which we recommend to our readers as one of great merit. What we deem its defects we have pointed out; but its interest, its striking delineations of Scottish character and feelings, its high literary cast, and its pure morality, are eminently conspicuous in every turn.

The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Year 1783 to 1822. By Edward Pelham Brenton, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy. Vols. 1. and II. 8vo. London 1823. C. Rice. Of a naval war unexampled for brilliant exploit and glorious triumph, these are the records—the records by a distinguished Officer, who was himself present at many of the incidents he describes; whose intercourse with his gallant associates in arms has afforded him the best opportunities for obtaining correct information; and whose experience as a sailor, and skill as a draughtsman, rendered him peculiarly competent to the task which his professional ardour led him to undertake.

Prepossessed by so many concurring circumstances in favour of Captain Brenton's work, we took up these, the first two volumes, which come down to 1802, with considerable expectations; and we rejoice to say that we have not been disappointed. A modest Preface sets forth the author's inducements and pretensions. He truly notices, that neither Burchett's *Naval History*, nor Beaton's *Memoirs* (though good as far as they go,) nor Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, nor Charnock's indefatigable biographical research, nor Schomberg's *Chronology*, afford a detailed and comprehensive view of this interesting subject. Of other writers he observes that their want of nautical knowledge has betrayed them into important errors; and diffidently adds,

"Whether I shall prove more successful than my predecessor, is a question which I am so far from deciding in my own favour, that it leaves me in the most serious doubt and alarming uncertainty."

"Although a work professing to relate the deeds of the British navy, it has been impossible to notice every instance of individual valour and patriotism: I have therefore confined myself to the most prominent facts, to the exclusion of local, or partially interesting detail."

"My chief wish has been to point out, after giving the history of events, the causes of failure or success, with a view to the future benefit of the service and the country; and it is hoped that while the veteran and his family derive amusement from the record of former years, and the gratification of honest pride in the contemplation of those deeds by which his country has been defended, and his own name ennobled, that the young and inexperienced officer, emulating the bright example, will reap advantage from the perusal of the volumes before him; thus rendering, as it should do, the page of history conducive to the good of his country, and beneficial to the human race."

The preface thus concludes:

"I now commit my book to the mercy of my brother sailors and of the public. Lunched upon the ocean of criticism, if I may borrow a metaphor from my own profession, it will have to encounter the storms of censure and the attacks of malevolence. Should its shattered frame, after surmounting the one and repelling the other, return safe into port, it will be some proof at least that its construction and equipment have not been neglected by the Author."

It is curious to remark, that that sort of instructive dread of critics which pervades the breasts of writers, is so potential as to make even the bold heart of a Captain in the navy to quail. We can assure Captain B. that his trepidations are groundless; at least from

us he shall have no storm of censure to encounter, nor do we believe that he need fear an attack of malevolence from any quarter. The "Ocean of Criticism" will to him be Pacific; and his return to port, in literature as in war, be attended with cheers and laurel.

Having expressed our opinion of this publication, we are almost aground for the means of proving the accuracy of our critical canons. The narrative of affairs is so continuous, and the historical views so general, that it is impossible to detach any extract which can afford a criterion by which to judge of the whole. The account of the mutiny at the Nore will be read with extreme interest, though Captain B. uses the collective "We" rather unfortunately in the fifth line of page 425. The following conclusion (the execution of Richard Parker) may exemplify his style and manner:

"After prayers, in which he was extremely devout, he rose up, and asked Captain Moss if he might be indulged with a glass of wine; which, being brought to him, he took, and lifting up his eyes, exclaimed—'I drink first to the salvation of my soul, and next, to the forgiveness of my enemies.' He then requested Captain Moss to shake hands with him; the Captain complied very readily with his request, and he desired that he might be remembered very kindly to all his companions on board the Neptune, with his last dying intreaty to them, to prepare for their destiny, and restrain from unbecoming levity. When conducted to the scaffold, erected on the fore-castle, he asked whether he might be allowed to speak, and immediately apprehending his intentions might be misconceived, he added—'I am not going, Sir, to address the ship's company. I wish only to declare, that I acknowledge the justice of my sentence, and I hope my death may be deemed a sufficient atonement to save the lives of others.' He begged a minute to recollect himself, during which time he knelt down, then rising up, he said—'I am ready': the fatal gun fired, and he was instantly swung off to the fore-yard-arm, the rope being manned by the crew of the Sandwich. Thus ended the life of Richard Parker; he was thirty years of age, of a robust make, dark complexion, black eyes, about five feet eight inches high, and might have been considered a very good-looking person. On his trial he conducted himself with admirable coolness and presence of mind: the author having seen him on this occasion, and from the knowledge he had of his former circumstances, had no doubt that he was at times deranged. On his passage round to the Nore from Leith, where he was impressed, or put on board by the civil power, he attempted to destroy himself, by jumping overboard; he was taken up and brought to the Nore, where he was, with other new-raised men, put on board the Sandwich; soon after which the mutiny broke out, he joined in it, and became a leader. That his conduct in this situation was most atrocious and inexcusable cannot be doubted. Let us, however, do him the justice which his penitence fully deserved. No man, in his last moments, ever did more to expiate his guilt than Parker; his contrition edified, his example deterred, and his advice, given to his shipmates in the hour of dissolution, did more to allay the spirit of insubordination, than all the other instances of just severity which afterward occurred."

The effects of this memorable mutiny, it

will be remembered, were felt to the extremities of Britain's extended power. A whimsical anecdote is related, of its being stopped in a very important quarter:

"The contagion still spread until it reached the East-India station, when one of the largest ships, not in what was technically called bright order, began to shew the same symptoms; and perhaps the most fatal consequences were prevented by the fortunate wit of an old seaman. The ship's company were deliberating upon the expediency of taking the command of the ship, and consulted among others the captain of the fore-castle: 'What object do you propose to gain by it?' said the honest fellow. 'Why, we want to have our own way,' replied the mutineers. 'Then you may save yourselves any farther trouble,' said the veteran, 'for to my certain knowledge you have had it this three years.' The fact, though undoubted, does not convey a very high compliment to the discipline of the ship."

With these very brief extracts we must leave this work to its own merits. There is an evident and strong partiality towards Lord St. Vincent in it, which we do not mean to say is undeserved, any more than to question other statements and opinions of which we confess we are not sufficient judges.

There is an admirable portrait of Lord St. Vincent, as a Frontispiece to the first volume; and portraits of Nelson, Howe, and Duncan, together with Plans and Views, adorn the volumes. Those in the second do not do justice to the skilful handling of Captain B. and of his brother, Sir Jahleel Brenton, from whose portfolio some of them are taken.

Altogether we think this History will be gratefully received by the Service and the country. It certainly reflects honour on its author.

The Fudge Family in England. 12mo. pp. 211. London 1823. John Miller.

FUDGE work is but miserable in a man of genius: in the hands of an inferior artist it is contemptible. We have here a poor imitation of Mr. Moore's poor satire. A Frenchman who writes equally bad French and English; and other epistolary non-entities, whose fancies are as dull as their materials are uninteresting. In short, this piece of fudgery is not only rubbish, but tiresome stuff. Take a triplet and a couplet for its rhyme-honours: Solemn compact of sovereigns, should be eternal, May disloyal friendship become general, And de French and de English, be *famille nationale*. O'Neill, in that climate of genius, was born, Love her well, men of taste, should her country you scorn;

We quote the very best two pages we can find, to show what trash may be published: it is a pseudo-Frenchman's picture of England:

Cider-lees, benecarlo, and trash of each sort, Compose you a vin, rot-gut ting, de call port, At eight franc de bottel, and dis price de call fair, Tho' 'tis not half so goot as our vin ordinaire, It burn up de liver, it give gout and de bile, Diseases till lately unknown to dis isle; Vat's not kill by de port, it kill by de bacon, Plum-puddin, cheese, porter, for ever here taken, And one ting's so clear, dat I wmake it no question, Von half of dem perish by mere indigestion; Lovemen's not in use here, or unknown to dem yet, De oyl of de bacon runs off by mere sweat, While fogs from deir bodies in vapours arise, And de fat of de land oft incenses de skies;

A bacon-bolting porter is like the old hecatomb, And of morbid flesh he's truly a catacomb: When de dog days set in, as de streets thro' deir hopping, [mopping;] De steam from deir heads you'll see dem all Deir gibber, to ours, is a tame sort of creature, Its flavour not wild, as our *fers de nature*; Deir cooking's so bat, I can't let it pass, [Glaw;] And de have but von book on't, par *Madem de* Deir soup or deir coffe have no odour or smack, For no one has here read Gourmand D'Almanack; Deir beef has de taste of de turnip and rape, A rancid fat pressed and dried like a cake; Deir mutton be lamb, and deir lamb be de mutton, Of which de all eat vid de greed of de glutton; 'Tis true dat de have here some ver fine fish, Vitch, in my mind, supplies deir ver best dish. Jam satis.

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES, translated from the *Rinder und Haus Harchen*. Collected by M. M. Grimm, from Oral Tradition. 12mo. pp. 240. London 1823. C. Baldwin.

This amusing book has reached a second edition before the pressure of other matters permitted us to help it forward by a first notice. Yet we confess that it amply deserved that good turn at our hands; for we felt very grateful to its Editors for the pleasure afforded us by their lucubrations.

The dull realities of the world it may readily be supposed do not hang less heavily over the heads of critics than over those of their fellow mortals. Plodding souls! they generally drag on a weary existence amid the literary lumber of a thousand years, assuredly not the better as it becomes more fashionably modern; and their very best tale (worse than Hans' in the first of these tales) is that of the Slaves in the Minas Geraes, who keep washing sand all their weary lives for the sake of picking out diamonds to enrich their masters. Wash, wash, wash through the endless rivulets of text: here a bit of shining ore and there a sparkling stone—the first of which they dare not pocket, the last of which they never wear. Alas, poor D—! the dross is for the booksellers,—the brilliant crowns (if achieved at all by some grand chance) to be worn after they have been dead a hundred years—a chaplet round the bony skull, mocking its senseless deformity.

Considering the dreary estate of this class, therefore, the Editors, Grimm though their name be, deserve well of those whom they have stolen an hour from their toils, and whom they have given an hour to imagination; to the dreams of wizard and faery,—of enchantments which enchanted their infancy,—of giant and dwarf, and beautiful princess, and chivalrous knight, and devoted squire, and beasts which spoke as wisely then as men do in these degenerate days,—of golden mountains and everlasting gardens,—of goblins, sprites, and all the superhuman witchery of popular story. The domain of legend and superstition is here mapped on a wide scale; and he must be of Beotia indeed, who is not induced to mount the Broomstick of his Fancy, and gallop delighted through the various scenes.

We will not embarrass ourselves by any inquiry into the original source of those tales which are so universally diffused over the fictions of all nations. In the present volume the traces of Oriental foundation are strong in several of the pieces, while others bear as strongly the marks of Celtic and Scandinavian derivation. Whence this mixture, will probably never be known. Who can show

the relations between the coincident mythological points, which to a certain degree connect the native of Iceland with the inhabitant of China, and unite the mysteries of Thor with the incarnations of Vishnu? Yet it would be curious to investigate the common fountain of these popular traditions, as an additional light to the study of languages, in forming a judgment respecting the earliest distribution of social man over the surface of the earth.

The legendary lore of England would, in our opinion, especially repay the labours of an antiquarian in this branch of research. Our oldest tales must have much of Celtic, Danish, Saxon, and Norman, in their composition; and it is no wonder that we discover Jack the Giant Killer, Tom Thumb, and even Whittington and his Cat, among the best known foreign stories. But, as we have said

* One of the most striking coincidences in this respect occurs in the story called "Frederick and Catherine," of which the translators acknowledge in a note, "Der Frieder und das Cathelieschen;" from Zwern and Hesse. Some of the incidents in this story are to be found in that of Bardiello, in the *Pentameron*, l. 4. We have frequently heard it told in our younger days as a popular story in England. Perhaps they were not aware of the full extent of the parallel, as unfolded in the following letter:

Gotham, Nottinghamshire, this 32d day of Jan. Anno Domini 1823, O. S.

Right trusty Editor,—Having noted certain legends put forth in these days, entitled "German Popular Stories," and being myself of the lineage of certain worthies of yore, yclept Gothamites, it seemeth meet to me to moot the question, among whomsoever may have concernment therein, or may be skilled in such matters, touching the origin or originality of one of said tales,—for the contentment of my own mind, and the honour and glory of my ancestors. In these tales mine eye hath marked with wonderment one in particular, which is headed "Frederick and Catherine," and which, in its general nature and tendency, my fancy liketh to the annals of my race; and not only so, but, in divers matters of detail, it appeareth so nearly akin, that it were a vain piece of conceit to crave thy pardon for conceiving, that either the tales of my kindred were spirited away beyond sea, even unto Germany, and set forth as the indigenous blossoms of that land, or that the root of our genealogical tree was Gothic. But more of these matters anon.

In the stories put forth of late, I marvelled much to discern the subjoined similitudes, which I have carefully set down for the edification of the curious reader, and the better establishing of our original. And therein the inquirer is advertised, for the sake of a more apt credence, that I have used a tract which containeth palpable signs of its having issued from the envious of our renown. It is entitled "The Pleasant Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," by A. B. Doctor of Physic, [which I look upon but as a physical deception to mask the metaphysical verity] and printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne—it beareth not date.

"One of her [Catherine's] cheeses fell out of her basket and rolled down the hill. Catherine looked, but could not see where it was gone; so she said, 'Well, I suppose the other will go the same way and find you: he has younger legs than I have.' Then she rolled the other cheese after it; and away it went, nobody knows where, down the hill. But she said she supposed they knew the road, and would follow her, and she could not stay there all day waiting for them."—From *alleged German Stories*.

"There was a man of Gotham who went to Nottingham market to sell cheeses, and as he was going down the hill, on Nottingham Bridge, one of the cheeses fell out of his wallet and ran down the hill. Ah! whose's son! said the fellow, can you run to the market alone? I will send the one

it, though apt to forget a promise made in such haste, we will not be seduced into this seducing inquiry.

From these tales, which are numerous and of very diversified character, we select "The Turnip" as the roundest for our purpose—

"There were two brothers who were both

after the other of you. Then he laid down his wallet, took the cheeses out, and tumbled them down the hill one after another; and at the last he said, 'I charge you all to meet me in the marketplace to meet his cheeses, and staid there till the market was almost done. Then he went about and inquired of his neighbours and other men, if they saw his cheeses come to the market? Who should bring them? said one of the market-men. Marry, themselves, said the fellow; they knew the way well enough: but a vengeance on them all, I did fear to see my cheeses run so fast, that they would run beyond the market. I am now almost fully persuaded that they are gotten to York. Whereupon he forthwith hired a horse to ride there after them; but they were not there; and unto this day no man could tell him of his cheeses.'—From *Pleasant Tales*, &c. tale 4.

Furthermore, Catherine says, "I'll carry the door, but I'll not carry the nuts and vinegar bottle also, that would be too much of a load; so if you please I'll fasten them to the door."—*Alleged German Stories*.

"There was a man of Gotham did ride to the market with two bushels of wheat, and because his horse should not bear much weight, he carried his corn on his neck, for fear of overburthening him. Now judge which was wisest, the horse or himself!"—*Pleasant Tales*, tale 2.

Mark likewise what much better use was made of a sack of meal by a genuine Gothamite [vide tale 1.] who finding some shepherds in high dudgeon on some weighty bone of strife, to show them the vanity of their contention, emptied his sack of meal into a river; then said he, "Now, neighbours, how much meal is there in my sack now?" "Marry there is none at all," said they. "Now by my faith, (said he,) even as much wit there is in your two heads." Other similitudes could I adduce, but these may suffice, and I forbear. Now would I, leaving more bootless inquiries, retrace my steps, and resume the matter of my ancestry, to determinate their birth-place; and though I endure much anxious pain to make this discovery, in the meanwhile it cometh as a solace and flattery to my heart, that as there was on a time a strife among cities to claim Homer, so there existeth in these days a contention between countries to claim the Gothamites. Since the migivings in my mind upon this subject, created by the tale of Catherine and Frederick, set forth as German, I have caused much bibliothetical research to be made, as also much oral inquiry, and the gleanings thereof are herewith offered.

It appeareth that the fame of the wise men of Gotham had waxed to such a height in the last century, that their sagacity had grown into a byword or saw, *videlicet*, "As wise as a man of Gotham." And Nathaniel Bailey, the Philomath, in his commentary thereupon, in which he showeth more spite than wit (for greatness begeth envy) saith, "This proverb passeth for the periphrasis of a fool, as an hundred fopperies are feigned and fathered on the townsfolk of Gotham, a village in Nottinghamshire." This annotation, howbeit it be libellous on our line, is precious, for that it containeth testimony touching the matter of locality. Nor have I been able, in good faith, to find the indirect insinuation contained in the story of Catherine and Frederick, that we are Gothic, substantially borne out by any other authority; nathless, it is most true that there appeareth some colour for imagining that the flower of the Gothic youth, emigrating on a time to England, might have given a name, a lasting name, to Gotham; it is likewise true, that in the right trusty, though peradventure not right trust-

soldiers; the one was rich and the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

"When the seed came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there never was such a one seen before, and never will again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, 'What shall I do with it? if I sell it, it will bring no more than another; and for eating, the little turnips are better than this; the best thing perhaps is to carry

worthy, book of Brooks the geologist, a town is recorded yclept Gotha, in Germany; but he keepeth the most pertinacious taciturnity as touching any wise men therein, save and except a certain congress of star-gazers, who in the ducal observatory in the neighbourhood once on a time baptised two novel constellations. — — —

It hath been shrewdly hinted to me, by one of your worldly wise folk, who affect more the obvious path of error than the fine occult path of metaphysics, that the Gothamites are indigenous to all countries, and that Gothamical lineaments may be traced in all classes of society and ages, in furtherance of which he instanceth the callow engineer tracing a moat of saliva round a settled fly to make him captive; which, by the way, is but a novel version of the genuine Gothamical piece of cunning, of building a hedge round a cuckoo, that it might sing in the town all the year. (Vide third of *Pleasant Tales*, of which there is a wood-cut in the frontispiece of the tract at this present in the keeping of the compiler hereof, which it delighteth one to behold.) Furthermore, he mentioned the tragical mishap of the Sage of Erin, who, in his thirst for knowledge, curiously bent a gun-barrel that he might shoot round a corner, and fell a victim, like a second Pliny, to his temerity. Likewise he advanced the case of a certain wight, who certes had some pretensions to the Porch, getting all the blacksmiths far and near to make a pyramid-like pair of compasses to describe a circle of some acres, when evenings he found that his discovery had been forestalled in a somewhat more facile mode, by the creature yclept a mill-horse. Nathless, I humbly presume to opine these be but bastard Gothamisms, and our objector's speculations a fond and futile conceit, which striveth to cross breeds and breed crosses. As Rondibilis the philosopher declareth in the tomes of Rabelais, "I will not launch my little skiff any farther into the wide ocean of this dispute," lest I meet with the untimely end of some of my illustrious ancestors, who, failing to premeditate every possibility, found a bed of honour in the bed of the sea, as the following brief but beautiful poem recordeth:

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer!

Thus having brought by *divers* means my premises to a conclusion, albeit it be no conclusion to the premises; and craving leave to observe, that if the German story be kindred to the Tales of Gotham, it nevertheless is but a *cousin german*—I beseech thy pardon, right trustworthy Editor, and shall be (if thou insertest this)

Evermore humbly thine,

YRNEY X YELIAB, yeoman.
mark.

* Our pleasant correspondent seems not to have seen our Review in last year's Gazette, of the Gooroo Noodle, (a genuine Gothamite) from the language of Tamo, which confirms the universality of the race.

it and give it to the king as a mark of respect."

"Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the Court, and gave it to the king. 'What a wonderful thing!' said the king; 'I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune.' 'Ah, no!' answered the gardener, 'I am no child of fortune; I am a poor soldier, who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother, who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor, every body forgets me.'

"The king then took pity on him, and said, 'You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother.' Then he gave him gold and lands and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

"When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king; and thought he must have a much larger gift in return: for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth?"

"The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart, and drag it home with him. When he reached home, he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and spite; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he resolved to kill his brother.

"So he hired some villains to murder him; and having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother, and said, 'Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure; let us go and dig it up, and share it between us.' The other had no suspicions of his roguery: so they went out together, and as they were travelling along, the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree.

"But whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse at a distance, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner neck and shoulders together into a sack, and swung him up by a cord to the tree, where they left him dangling, and ran away. Meantime he worked and worked away, till he made a hole large enough to put out his head.

"When the horseman came up, he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the sack saw him passing under the tree, he cried out, 'Good morning! good morning to thee, my friend!' The student looked about every where; and seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, 'Who calls me?'

"Then the man in the tree answered, 'Lift up thine eyes, for behold here I sit in the sack of wisdom; here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to this seat, all the learning of the schools is as empty air. A little longer, and I shall know all that man can know, and

shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars; the laws that control the winds; the number of the sands on the sea-shore; the healing of the sick; the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst feel and own the power of knowledge.'

"The student listened to all this and wondered much; at last he said, 'Blessed be the day and hour when I found you; cannot you contrive to let me into the sack for a little while?' Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, 'A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well and entreat me kindly; but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learnt some little matters that are yet unknown to me.'

"So the student sat himself down and waited a while; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged earnestly that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst of knowledge was great. Then the other pretended to give way, and said, 'Thou must let the sack of wisdom descend, by anyting yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter.' So the student let him down, opened the sack, and set him free.

"Now, then," cried he, 'let me ascend quickly.' As he began to put himself into the sack heels first, 'Wait awhile,' said the gardener, 'that is not the way.' Then he pushed him in head first, tied up the sack, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom dangling in the air. 'How is it with thee, friend?' said he, 'dost thou not feel that wisdom comes unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert.'

"So saying, he trotted off on the student's nag, and left the poor fellow to gather wisdom till somebody should come and let him down."

We have only to add, that the volume is adorned by several small but admirably humorous designs by Cruikshank,—and that the tales are in no way unfit to be put into youthful hands.

The Linnean System of Conchology; describing the Orders, Genera, and Species of Shells, arranged into Divisions and Families, with a view to the Student's attainment of the Science. By John Mawe, author of *Travels in Brazil*, a Treatise on Diamonds, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 236.

On the first cursory view of this volume, we felt a strong prepossession in its favour; and, with every disposition to be "zealous to our trust," we do not hesitate to own that our notice of it is written under the influence of that feeling. The finely coloured drawings with which the work is illustrated, seem to disclose one of the neglected treasures of nature, and recall to memory the observation made by a distinguished writer:—that the benign Creator of the universe, after having stored this globe with all that was necessary for the subsistence and comfort of man, did not there restrain his beneficence, but scattered over it a profuse variety of objects, remarkable only for beauty and elegance, and tending therefore to cheer and gladden the path of human life.* If

* We quote from recollection, and of course imperfectly: but the thought is fully expanded in the following passage, which is an emanation of the same mind: "The gifts of the Creator are full handed: nor has he always placed it in our power to accept of that which is indispensably necessary, without at the same time compelling us to accept of the pleasure that accompanies it.

foliage, and flowers, and gems, constitute a part of this celestial boon, these richly variegated products of the ocean and its shores may surely be entitled to the same distinction. They unite all the elements of the beautiful in form and colour; and, in common with many objects in the vegetable kingdom, have been selected as models for the exercise of those imitative arts which contribute to the enjoyments of refined society.

With the advantages accruing from many pursuits in the province of good taste, the study of Conchology combines others peculiar to itself. Presenting an agreeable relaxation to the mind in the hours of domestic leisure, and affording occasional employment both for the pen and the pencil, it constitutes a salutary means for dissipating that ennui which diminishes and sometimes deadens the enjoyments of the opulent. It may be discontinued and resumed at pleasure: and, according to the state of the mind at the moment, it may be made the subject either of active research or of quiet contemplation; its specimens are at all times cheering and delightful to the eye, while, unlike those of most other branches of natural history, they are not subject to decay, and with proper care may be transmitted entire to the latest posterity. It has still higher claims to notice; since, as a late writer has well observed, when rendered subservient to geognostic observations, it assumes the rank of an useful science, and then becomes a subject of the highest importance. Without at present entering into those claims, it may be sufficient to consider the pursuit merely as an affair of taste, in which the substances sought assume an extrinsic and conventional value, not depending on their beauty, but regulated principally by their rarity. For some years past, rare and curious shells have been as much in request as rare and curious books, and have given rise to perhaps as much expensive and hazardous speculation. It may surprise some persons to learn that specimens have been occasionally purchased at the enormous price of fifty guineas each; and it is a well known fact, that the most costly shells always command the readiest sale. Conchology, therefore, has become a fashionable study, and any attempt to explain and elucidate its principles cannot be received with indifference by the public.

Mr. Mawe, if we may judge from evidence existing in the work before us, is undoubtedly entitled to rank experience among his qualifications. Having in early life visited various parts of the globe, he was enabled to establish those connexions which, on relinquishing the maritime profession, contributed to assist him in the formation of a cabinet of shells, not less distinguished for its value than for its extent. He at the same time acquired that practical

We may morosely suppose that fine prospects, beautiful flowers, or sweet sounds, are below the dignity or unworthy the attention of an improved and rational mind; but we cannot close our ears to the morning song of the lark, nor avoid the sight of the landscape, unless we refuse to breathe the breath of heaven and relinquish the cheerful beam of day; and, if we resolve that our palate shall not be gratified, we must deprive ourselves of that nutriment which is necessary to our very existence. Apply this to all the conveniences, and even the elegancies of life, and then let us ask what is the result of that system of intellectual and physical enjoyment to which the short-sighted and cynical observer has applied the equivocal and injurious term of luxury?—Discourse delivered on the opening of the Liverpool Royal Institution, Nov 25, 1817, by Wm. Roscoe, Esq.

knowledge so requisite in a conchologist, without which the respective *habitats*, or localities of the different specimens, cannot be fixed and determined. Considering the time that must have been devoted to the acquisition of this experience, he cannot be accused of precipitancy in now presenting its fruits to the public.

In preference to more recent systems, Mr. Mawe has adopted that of Linnæus, as being the most simple and convenient, if not the most scientific. It has for its basis the external form and character of the shell, and is totally independent of the animal enclosed within the calcareous covering.

Conformably to the plan thence deduced, the subjects are distributed under the orders of Multivalves, Bivalves, and Univalves, with their respective genera and species. The rarest shells of each genus are distinctly mentioned in their proper places; and many of them are exhibited among the graphic illustrations, of which it is but justice to say that, taken altogether, they are well executed engravings. They are executed by the lithographic process, which, from its softness, is peculiarly adapted to subjects of this nature. Each plate, with scarcely an exception, contains at least one specimen of a rare shell; and among them we have the satisfaction to notice the *bulia volva*, which, though a young one, is the largest ever seen; the *chiton spinosus*; the *conus cedo nulli*; the *buccinum costatum*; the *cypræa aperta*, and an exceedingly beautiful specimen of the *solen oriens*. We would willingly quote the passages descriptive of these curious products, but as they are strictly scientific, they could not be appreciated without their graphic accompaniments.

Pleased as we have been with the perusal of this work, we feel ourselves in no humour to find fault. We must however express our hope, that in a second edition the opportunity will be taken of improving the genera. The division 5, and those shells in the *bulia* genus which late authors have made distinct genera, might, we think, be advantageously removed to the genus *helix*. The same remark applies to the first division of the *volva*. With these suggestions we take leave of this very tasteful publication, in which the text and the engravings mutually illustrate each other, and which comprises more advantages than any manual we have hitherto seen, for facilitating the study of Conchology.

JAMES' EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Bison Hunt.—*Ant-soup, and other unsavoury Food. Indian Chiefs and Customs.*

In a description of the Omawhaw Indians, for which the author is indebted to Mr. Say, there are some curious and interesting details. The ceremonies observed before the whole tribe forsake their village on their annual hunting expedition, are not very different from other councils or great occasions; but, when in fourteen or fifteen days they reach the Bison country, and find their game, the account becomes more remarkable.

"The hunters, after making the signal for bison, to induce the people to halt and encamp, return as expeditiously as possible, and on their approach are received with some ceremony. The chiefs and magi are seated in front of their people, puffing smoke from their pipes, and thanking the Master of life, with such expressions as 'How-wa-con-da,' 'Thanks, Master of life.'—How-pin-e-ther-ta-wa-con-da-a-mah. pan-ne-nah-pa-e-

wa-rat-a-cum-ba-ra.'—Thank you, Master of life, here is smoke; I am poor, hungry, and want to eat.' The hunters draw near to the chiefs and magi, and in a low tone of voice inform them of the discovery of bison. They are questioned as to the number, and reply by holding up to the view some small sticks in a horizontal position, and compare one herd at a stated distance with this stick, and another with that, &c.

"It is then the business of some old man orcrier to harangue the people, informing them of the discovery, requesting the squaws to keep in good heart, telling them they have endured many hardships with fortitude, that there is now a termination to their difficulties for the present, and that on the morrow the men will go in pursuit of the bison, and without doubt bring them plenty of meat.

"On all occasions of public rejoicings, festivals, dances, or general hunts, a certain number of resolute warriors are previously appointed to preserve order and keep the peace. In token of their office they paint themselves entirely black; usually wear the *crow*, and arm themselves with a whip or war-club, with which they punish on the spot those who misbehave, and are at once both judges and executioners. Thus, at the bison hunts, they knock down or flog those whose manœuvres tend to frighten the game, before all are ready, or previously to their having arrived at the proper point, from which to sally forth upon them.

"Four or five such officers, or soldiers, are appointed at a council of the chiefs, held in the evening, to preserve order amongst the hunters for the succeeding day.

"On the following morning, all the men, excepting the superannuated, depart early in pursuit of the favourite game. They are generally mounted, armed with bows and arrows. The soldiers of the day accompany the rapidly moving cavalcade on foot, armed with war-clubs, and the whole are preceded by a footman bearing a pipe.

"On coming in sight of the herd, the hunters talk kindly to their horses, applying to them the endearing names of father, brother, uncle, &c.; they petition them not to fear the bison, but to run well, and keep close to them, but at the same time to avoid being gored.

"The party having approached as near to the herd as they suppose the animals will permit, without taking alarm, they halt, to give the pipe-bearer an opportunity to perform the ceremony of smoking, which is considered necessary to their success. He lights his pipe, and remains a short time with his head inclined, and the stem of the pipe extended towards the herd. He then smokes, and puffs the smoke towards the bison, towards the heavens and the earth, and finally to the cardinal points successively. These last they distinguish by the terms *sunrise, sunset, cold country, and warm country*, or they designate them collectively, by the phrase of the *four winds, Ta-da-sa-ga-to-ba*.

"The ceremony of smoking being performed, the word for starting is given by Ongpatonga. They immediately separate into two bands, who pass in full speed to the right and left, and perform a considerable circuit, with the object of enclosing the herd, at a considerable interval, between them.

"They then close in upon the animals, and each mau endeavours to kill as many of them as his opportunity permits.

"It is upon this occasion that the Indians

display their horsemanship, and dexterity in archery. Whilst in full run they discharge the arrow with an aim of much certainty, so that it penetrates the body of the animal behind the shoulder. If it should not bury itself so deeply as they wish, they are often known to ride up to the enraged animal and withdraw it. They observe the direction and depth to which the arrow enters, in order to ascertain whether or not the wound is mortal, of which they can judge with a considerable degree of exactness; when a death-wound is inflicted, the hunter raises a shout of exultation, to prevent others from pursuing the individual of which he considers himself certain. He then passes in pursuit of another, and so on, until his quiver is exhausted, or the game has passed beyond his further pursuit.

"The force of the arrow, when discharged by a dexterous and athletic Indian, is very great, and we were even credibly informed, that under favourable circumstances, it has been known to pass entirely through the body of a bison, and actually to fly some distance, or fall to the ground on the opposite side of the animal.

"Notwithstanding the apparent confusion of this engagement, and that the same animal is sometimes feathered by arrows from different archers, before he is despatched, or considered mortally wounded; yet as each man knows his own arrows from all others, and can also estimate the nature of the wound, whether it would produce a speedy death to the animal, quarrels respecting the right of property in the prey seldom occur, and it is consigned to the more fortunate individual, whose weapon penetrated the most vital part.

"The chase having terminated, each Indian can trace back his devious route to the starting-place, so as to recover any small article he may have lost.

"This surrounding chase the Omawhaws distinguish by the name of *Ta-wan-a-sa*.

"A fleet horse well trained to the hunt, runs at the proper distance, with the reins thrown upon his neck, parallel with the bison, turns as he turns, and does not cease to exert his speed until the shoulder of the animal is presented, and the fatal arrow is implanted there. He then complies with the motion of his rider, who leans to one side, in order to direct his course to another bison. Such horses as these are reserved by their owners exclusively for the chase, and are but rarely subjected to the drudgery of carrying burdens.

"When the herd has escaped, and those that are only wounded or disabled are secured, the hunters proceed to slay and cut up the slain."

This meat is carried back to their village about August—the huts reoccupied, the buried goods dug up, the weeds destroyed, the maize crop gathered in, and they settle for the winter. Besides pumpkins,

"A singular description of food is made use of by some tribes of the Snake Indians, consisting chiefly, and sometimes wholly, of a species of ant (*formica*, Lin.) which is very abundant in the region in which they roam. The squaws go in the cool of the morning to the hillocks of these active insects, knowing that then they are assembled together in the greatest numbers. Uncovering the little mounds to a certain depth, the squaws scoop them up in their hands, and put them into a bag prepared for the purpose. When a sufficient number are obtained, they repair to

the water, and cleanse the mass from all the dirt and small pieces of wood collected with them. The ants are then placed upon a flat stone, and by the pressure of a rolling-pin are crushed together into a dense mass, and rolled out like pastry. Of this substance a soup is prepared, which is relished by the Indians, but is not at all to the taste of white men. Whether or not this species of ant is analogous to the *vachacos*, which Humboldt speaks of, as furnishing food to the Indians of the Rio Negro and the *Gnainia*, we have no opportunity of ascertaining.

"We could not learn that any one of the nations of the Missouri Indians are accused, even by their enemies, of eating human flesh from choice, or for the gratification of a horrible luxury: starvation alone can induce them to eat of it. An Ioway Indian, however, having killed an Osage, compelled some children of his own nation to eat of the uncooked flesh of the thigh of his victim. And a Sioux of the St. Peter's dried some of the flesh of a Chippeway whom he had killed, and presented it to some white men, who ate it without discovering the imposition.

"The Indians, like the Hottentots, Negroes, and monkeys, eat the lice which they detect in each other's heads. The squaws search for these parasites; and we have often seen them thus occupied with activity, earnestness, and much success. One of them, who was engaged in combing the head of a white man, was asked why she did not eat the vermin; she replied, that 'white men's lice are not good.'"

"Annually, in the month of July, the Minnetarees celebrate their great medicine dance, or dance of penitence, which may well be compared with the *Currack-pooja* of the expiatory tortures of the Hindoos, so often celebrated at Calcutta. On this occasion a considerable quantity of food is prepared, which is well cooked, and served up in their best manner. The devotees then dance and sing to their music at intervals, for three or four days together in full view of the victuals, without attempting to taste of them. But they do not, even at this time, forego their accustomed hospitality. And if a stranger enters, he is invited to eat, though no one partakes with him. On the third or fourth day, the severer expiatory tortures commence, to which the preceding ceremonies were but preludes. An individual presents himself before one of the officiating magi, crying and lamenting, and requests him to cut a fillet of skin from his arm, which he extends for that purpose. The devout operator thrusts a sharp instrument through the skin near the wrist, then introduces the knife, and cuts out a piece of the required length, sometimes extending the excision entirely to the shoulder. Another will request bands of skin to be cut from his arm. A third will have his breast flayed, so as to represent a full moon or crescent. A fourth submits to the removal of concentric arcs of skin from his breast. A fifth prays the operator to remove small pieces of skin from various indicated parts of his body; for this purpose an iron bodkin is thrust through the skin, and the piece is cut off, by passing the knife under the instrument.

"Various are the forms of suffering which they inflict upon themselves. An individual requests the operator to pierce a hole through the skin of each of his shoulders, and after passing a long cord through each of these holes, he repairs to a Golgotha at some dis-

tance from the village, and selects one of the bison skulls collected there. To the chosen cranium he affixes the ends of his cords, and drags it in this painful manner to the lodge, round which he must go with his burden, before he can be released from it. No one is permitted to assist him, neither dares he to put his own hands to the cords, to alleviate his sufferings. If it should so happen that the horns of the cranium get hooked under a root or other obstacle, he must extricate it in the best manner he can, by pulling different ways, but he must not touch the rope or the head with his hands, or in any respect attempt to relieve the painful strain upon his wounds, until his complete task is performed.

"Some of the penitents have arrows thrust through various muscular parts of their bodies, as through the skin and superficial muscles of the arm, leg, breast, and back.

"A devotee caused two stout arrows to be passed through the muscles of his breast, one on each side, near the mamma. To these arrows cords were attached, the opposite ends of which were affixed to the upper part of a post, which had been firmly implanted in the earth for the purpose. He then threw himself backward, into an oblique position, his back within about two feet of the soil, so as to depend with the greater portion of his weight by the cords. In this situation of excruciating agony, he continued to chaunt and to keep time to the music of the gong, until, from long abstinence and suffering, he fainted. The bystanders then cried out, 'Courage, courage,' with much shouting and noise; after a short interval of insensibility he revived, and proceeded with his self-inflicted tortures as before, until nature being completely exhausted, he again relapsed into insensibility, upon which he was loosed from the cords, and carried off amidst the acclamations of the whole assembly.

"Another Minnetaree, in compliance with a vow he had made, caused a hole to be perforated through the muscles of each shoulder; through these holes cords were passed, which were, at the opposite ends, attached by way of a bridle to a horse, that had been penned up three or four days without food or water. In this manner he led the horse to the margin of the river. The horse, of course, endeavoured to drink, but it was the province of the Indian to prevent him, and that only by straining at the cords with the muscles of the shoulder, without resorting to the assistance of his hands. And notwithstanding all the exertions of the horse to drink, his master succeeded in preventing him, and returned with him to his lodge, having accomplished his painful task.

"The Wolf chief, one of the most eminent of the warriors of the upper village of the Minnetarees, on one occasion, sat five days singing and lamenting without food, on a small insulated and naked rock in the Missouri river. And it is firmly believed that he did not even palliate his urgent wants by tasting the water during this long probation.

"Many of the Minnetarees believe that the bones of those bisons, which they have slain and divested of flesh, rise again clothed with renewed flesh, and quickened with life, and become fat and fit for slaughter the succeeding June. They assert that some of their nation, who were formerly on a hunting excursion, lost one of their party, a boy, and returned to the village lamenting his loss, and believing him to have been killed by the Sioux nation, with whom they were then at

war. Some time afterward, a war party was assembled, that departed to revenge the supposed murder of the boy. During their journey, they espied a bison, which they pursued and killed. When lo! on opening the abdomen of the animal, what was their astonishment to observe the long-lost boy, alive and well, after having been imprisoned there one entire year. Relieved from his animated prison-house, he informed them, that when he left his hunting companions, he proceeded onward a considerable distance, until he was so fortunate as to kill this bison. He removed the flesh from one side of the animal, and as a rainy inclement night was approaching, he concluded to take shelter within the body of the animal, in place of the viscera, which he had taken out. But during the night, whilst he slept, the flesh of the bison that he had cut off, grew over the side again, and effectually prevented his getting out, and the animal being restored to life, he had thus been pent up ever since!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, February 1, 1823.

Rossini's Opera *La Donna del Lago*, and the Ballet of *Baldum* by Panzior, maintain their ground in the theatre Argentina more by the singing of Pesaroni and David and the dancing of Brugnoli, than by their intrinsic merit.

The Carnival has begun. We have many rich and distinguished foreigners: the English, in particular, dance almost every day; but the people are not got into the true spirit of the season. It is worthy of praise that no foreign horses are allowed to run this year: far different encouragements, however, are wanting to improve the breed. There is now scarcely a trace of the once celebrated races of S. Spirito, S. Pietro, Borghese, Chigi, &c. and the rich Romans prefer buying of foreign horse-dealers, at exorbitant prices, what they might produce at home. The Norman and Holstein horses frequently become mad here in the very hot weather.

Two Essays have already appeared in the *Effemeridi*, upon Cicero de Republica, with proposals for different readings, &c. There is nothing else of importance in the literary world.

We have many distinguished Russians and English here this winter: Prince Louis of Hesse Homburg lately arrived.

The French and English papers, which so pathetically related the death of the mother of Napoleon, have allowed themselves, to say the least of it, a foolish hoax. Her health is indeed bad, but she is still living. Her youngest son will shortly come hither with his family; and her grandson, Don Carlos B. with his wife, a daughter of Joseph, will go in April to North America.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. ROGET proceeded, in his fourth Lecture, to the consideration of *Insects*, properly so called; for the class which bears that title in the zoological system of Linnæus, includes some tribes of animals that differ widely from the rest in their physiological condition. The term is accordingly restricted, by modern naturalists, to those orders of articulated animals which are nourished without a vascular circulation, and which, being constructed upon the same uniform plan of conformation,

appear to be marked out by nature herself as a distinct division of the animal creation. The class of insects is separated from that of zoophytes by an immense interval; in the latter, the powers of perception and of progressive motion are very imperfect: but insects enjoy all the capacities of sensation and of locomotion which are the characteristics of animal nature. The most consummate art has been displayed in every part of their economy, and particularly in the construction of a fabric which, retaining the simplicity of the primitive modes of organization, is yet competent to answer completely all the purposes of animal existence. In place of the radiated form so prevalent among zoophytes, we find another model of symmetry adopted with reference to a vertical plane, instead of a linear axis, so that one half of the body is the exact counterpart or reflected image of the other. But the chemical functions of nutrition are still conducted upon a simpler plan than in the larger animals. In the system of insects there is, properly speaking, no circulation of fluids by vessels, but the solid parts of the body imbibe their nourishment from the prepared fluids which pervade the general mass; and this circumstance appears to be the principal cause of the limitation of size which seems to be imposed upon all terrestrial animals constructed upon this model.

In the construction of the mechanical framework of the insect, nature seems to have had in view to provide effectual means of defence against external injury, and at the same time to confer extensive powers of locomotion, not merely on the surface of the ground, but also through the rare medium of the atmosphere. But it would appear that the final accomplishment of objects so different, and in some respects interfering with one another, could not be effected but by a long series of preparatory changes in the organization of the animal. The acquisition of wings is the final result of a slow and laborious development of organs; and the power of flight is among the last of the gifts with which nature has endowed this favoured part of the creation.

In following the history of the transformations of insects, Dr. ROGER first described those of the order of Lepidoptera, in which they are most strongly characterized. The larva, or caterpillar, contains in its interior the rudiments of all the organs of the butterfly, into which it is afterwards transformed; but they are concealed from view by a number of membranous coverings which are thrown off in succession, as the internal parts become gradually more and more developed. The skeleton, or solid frame-work of the body, consists of a series of rings, connected together at their edges by a broad expansion of ligament. Distinct bands of muscular fibres situated immediately under the skin, and passing longitudinally from each ring to the next, produce the flexion of the body in different directions, or effect the general shortening of the whole series of rings, according as their action is partial or general. Other sets of muscles, disposed in oblique directions, produce the elongation of the body, or occasionally twist it on its axis. The arrangement of all these muscles is exceedingly complicated, and their anatomy, notwithstanding the patience and ingenuity bestowed on its investigation by the most skilful entomologists, is by no means yet sufficiently explored. Dr. ROGER next gave an account of the various modes of progressive motion practised by different tribes of larvæ, and of the struc-

ture of the instruments by which their movements are effected. Some avail themselves, for this purpose, of the assistance of tufts of hair or bristles attached to the segments of the body; others employ hooks, or scaly feet; and some make use of their teeth as a means of fixing the head when the body is advanced. Some move by leaps, and others by a succession of paces, the body being alternately doubled and extended like a pair of compasses. Others, again, make their way in narrow channels, in the same manner as a chimney-sweeper ascends a chimney. Some caterpillars spin threads, with which they construct a kind of rope-ladder, enabling them readily to climb up and down the smoothest surfaces. Aquatic larvæ have feet flattened so as to act like oars, in order to enable them to swim.

The great object in the economy, during this first period of the life of the insect, is to provide a store of nutriment, out of which the proper materials may be selected for the expansion of the more elaborate structure of the future winged insect. Hence the extraordinary voracity of the caterpillar, which will devour, in the course of a day, more than twice its own weight of food; and hence its organs of digestion are constructed on a scale of considerable magnitude. But the arrangements instituted by nature frequently embrace objects of wider extent than the mere benefit of the individual being, which is instrumental in their execution. Thus insects, while seeking their own nourishment, effect the speedy removal of all dead animal and vegetable materials; hence they have been called the great scavengers of nature, and their utility in this respect is more particularly felt in hot climates, where organized matter is met with in greater profusion, and where, after the extinction of life, its decomposition is much more rapid.

Dr. ROGER then entered into the description of the anatomy of the mouth and jaws of the larvæ of insects, of the stomach and alimentary canal, and of the convoluted vessels which perform the office of secretion, and which seem to compose a structure peculiar to those animals where there is no circulation of fluids. The nature and office of the dorsal vessel, formerly mistaken for the heart, but appearing to perform some function of secretion, were next adverted to. The structure and distribution of the tracheæ, or air-vessels, which are subservient to the respiration of insects, by conveying air to every part of their system, were next explained; together with the curious mechanism of the elastic spiral fibre which enters into the composition of their coats, and by means of which they are effectually prevented from closing. The provision for the respiration of aquatic larvæ by means of air-tubes reaching to the surface of the water, was also noticed.

The arrangement of the different parts of the nervous system was next explained. The brain, situated immediately over the œsophagus, sends out filaments on each side, which encircle that tube, and uniting at its lower part, pass along the lower side of the body, forming a series of ganglions at regular intervals. From these ganglions, as from so many separate centres of nervous influence, the different organs of the body are supplied with nerves.

The history of the several moultings of the caterpillar, previous to its transformation into the state of *nymphæ*, or *chrysalis*, and of the changes it afterwards undergoes till its

final metamorphosis into the perfect insect, was fully detailed; and the differences occurring in this respect in the other orders of insects, which assume in their intermediate states the form of *semi-nymphæ*, were pointed out. The Physiology of the perfect insect was announced as the subject of the next Lecture.

Errata in our last: p. 154, col. 2, l. 10 from bottom, for *Echinorhynchus* read *Echinorhynchus*. In the 3d col. for *Votifer* read *Rotifer*. And in the Table, p. 165, for *Infusoria* read *Infusoria*.

LITERATURE.

OXFORD, March 5.—On Tuesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. S. Reay, St. Alban Hall; Rev. A. Crymes, Balliol College; J. Shergold Boone, Student, and Rev. J. Birkett, Christ Church; Rev. F. Borradaile, Brasenose College.

Bachelor of Arts.—P. W. Mure, Christ Church.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE lovers of Italian literature will shortly have a treat of no common occurrence in their power; we allude to a series of twelve weekly Lectures, commencing on the 10th of April, by Mr. Foscolo, of which a prospectus is now before us. The subjects embrace every topic of value to the Italian scholar.—The Origin and Object of Poetry; the Origin, Progress, Vicissitudes, and present State of the Italian Language; Italian Literature, from 1200 to 1300; Dante; Petrarch; Boccaccio, and their Contemporaries; the Literary History of Italy, from that period to the death of Lorenzo di Medici; the Age of Leo X. &c.; the Genius and Works of Ariosto, and the other Romantic Poets; Tasso, and his Contemporaries, the Changes effected by the Jesuits on the Literary Character of that and the following ages; the State of Poetry and Literature in Italy, under the Political domination of the Spaniards, and the Literary influence of the era of Louis the 14th; the Institution of the Arcadia; Metastasio; and the Poetry of Italy to the present day.

These Twelve Lectures are to be delivered in Italian; and when we call to mind the talents and literary acquirements of the Lecturer, we cannot but anticipate a high enjoyment to those who are able to follow his acute investigations and brilliant expositions. The list of Subscribers already contains many most distinguished names for rank and literary fame in Britain.

DUTCH IMPROVISATOR.

AN extraordinary phenomenon has appeared at Amsterdam in the shape of a Dutch Improvisator. This individual, a distinguished merchant of the name of Clercq, although perhaps not equal to the Italian Improvisatori, has nevertheless astonished all the literati of Amsterdam. Although only twenty-seven years of age, M. Clercq has contrived, in his leisure hours, to acquire a thorough knowledge of history, and of Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, German, and Dutch literature; and to obtain the gold medal of the Institute in 1822. He recites by turns, and with enthusiasm, the Poems of Calderon, Tasso, Voltaire, Byron, and Schiller. To all this knowledge he joins the inspiration which alone creates a poet; and which is very extraordinary, his poetry is almost wholly extemporaneous. Frequently, when in a circle of his friends, if any one will name a subject, he rises, meditates for only a minute or two, and then, full of the god, pours forth a torrent

of original ideas and images, clothed in the most beautiful and poetical diction. Among the subjects which have thus been illustrated by his genius, one of the most remarkable was "Melpomene," proposed to him in the presence of the Institute. Commencing with the dramatic art in its feeble infancy, he followed it in its vigorous youth, under *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*; depicted in several brilliant passages (the truth of which was acknowledged by the learned Greek scholars of the Institute,) the distinguishing character of each of those three poets; and thence passed to Italy, to France, to England, to Germany, and back to Holland; taking a rapid, but admirable view of the dramatic literature of those various countries. To this rare talent, M. Clercq adds the most amiable temper, and the most simple and engaging manners.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.—LONDON INSTITUTION.

[The first Lecture is generally introductory.]

On Tuesday, Dr. CROUCH delivered his second Lecture on National and Scientific Music, in the Theatre of this Institution. A very numerous and highly respectable audience was assembled on the occasion. General satisfaction and delight appeared to pervade the hearers during the performance of the Lecture. As it consisted, for the most part, of recitations of select *Airs* and *Melodies* from ancient Scotch and Welsh music, we conceive the manner in which we have described it to be peculiarly appropriate. The learned Professor, after a very few remarks on the subject of National Music in general, proceeded to display his well-known powers by playing some delightful specimens of Scotch highland and lowland music. Several of these were of the pathetic and solemn kind; others were lively and mirthful. In one denominated *The Western Isle Dance*, we were much pleased by the vigour of expression and the richness of melody with which it filled the ear. In the song, *When hidden to the Wake or Fair*, which was given on the grand piano-forte with much effect, though avowedly of Scottish origin, a remarkable conformation was perceivable to the Irish strain of music. *Love is the Cause of Mourning*, appeared to unite also the pathetic and the lively. Of Compound Melodies three specimens were produced—*A Trip to the Jubilee*, *Jack on the Green*, and *A Trip to Mary-le-bonns*. They were delightful, from the discrimination and taste they evinced. In the performance of *Washington's March*, which, the Professor observed, was peculiarly adapted to the bagpipe, it was truly gratifying to hear with what ability and accuracy the piano-forte was made to express a conformity to the national instrument for which it was originally composed. But for the distinguishing modulation of the tones of the instrument on which it was performed, it might almost have been mistaken for the other, or at least confounded with it. Of the same cast was the air styled *Were I assured you'd content prove*. That of *Roslyn Castle* was pathetic and tender. It was stated generally, and with unquestionable truth, in the conclusion of this division of the Lecture, that the Scotch music, is for variety, melody, and expression, superior to that of most other nations.

From expatiating upon and performing these selections, Dr. Crouch proceeded to Welsh harmony. His first piece was, *The*

tune of David the Prophet, a production of the eleventh century, deciphered from an ancient ms. by Dr. Jones. The air of *Sweet Richard*, was of a different nature, but very descriptive of the peculiar temper and taste of the people amongst whom it originated. Some most charming military Welsh music, especially *The Monk's March*, and *Come to Battle*, fully satisfied us of the power and influence it must have possessed, at the time, on the feelings of those who were preparing for or entering into an engagement. The *Rising Sun*, and *Awake Harmonious Strings*, afforded much gratification by their diversity from those which had preceded them, though they still preserved a general uniformity. With these selections the Lecture concluded.

To those who have only or long been accustomed to English harmony, the peculiar termination of most of the Scotch *Airs* appears unfinished. Instead of closing with descending tones, they frequently come to their finale in those which ascend. Thus they assume an abruptness to which we find it difficult to accommodate ourselves, and seem as if we were expecting some additional notes to complete the sound.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing these Lectures to be highly attractive and gratifying, from the variety of the illustrations which are introduced in them, by which the remarks on the science in general are so strikingly exemplified and enforced. An opportunity is also afforded of obtaining a knowledge of music, as it exists amongst various and distant nations; such a knowledge indeed as would scarcely be acquired by a diligent general inquirer. Amidst the unavoidable discords both of civil and social life, how great is the solace those persons can find, to whom nature has given an ear to perceive and enjoy the delightful strains and concords of this divine science.

CASTS AND PICTURES.

By the addition of several chef-d'œuvres by the most famous old Masters, and the superb casts of the Monte-Cavallo Horse and Statue, &c. Mr. Day has infinitely augmented the interest of his truly noble and classical Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall. The effect produced upon the mind of the spectator by these sublime productions and their skillful arrangement, is of the most impressive nature. It is impossible to look upon them without feeling at the same time an admiration of art and an elevation of soul. The charming graces of Canova contrast with the almost superhuman conceptions of the mighty Grecian; and we turn from these various efforts of Sculpture only to refresh the eye with Paintings of the highest order.

This Exhibition opens on Monday, and it is one which will interest the learned connoisseur, and also delight while it improves the judgment of general visitors, who love the efforts of genius without precisely knowing how that love is extorted.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

The extraordinary labour which has often been bestowed on fruit and flower pieces, has rarely appeared to us other than a waste of fine qualities upon subjects of inferior interest. Yet it must be acknowledged that many of the highest and most difficult of the mechanical means by which works of Art are made the wonder of mankind, are to be found exhausted on such subjects. There is at present an exhibition of this kind in Bond Street, consisting

of four modern pictures, by a Mr. Van Os, jun. than which we never saw any thing with more brilliant claims to admiration. The lower parts are in imitation of bronze, and so finely executed as quite to deceive the eye. From this basis spring up vases, with clusters of grape, peach, rose, convolvulus, anemone, and other rich and graceful productions of the vegetable world. These are exquisitely painted, and, whether on dark or light grounds, display a master's hand. When time shall have mellowed the tints a very little, they will bear comparison with the best of Van Huysum's performances. There is also in the room a picture after Gerard Dow, said to be an *Enamel*, by M. Georget. This certainly looks to be what it purports, an *Enamel*; but from its extraordinary size, we cannot help thinking that it is not entirely entitled to the name, by having been submitted to the usual processes in this branch of Art. It is however an exquisite copy, without the china effect so common to its class, and full of the beauties of its original.

CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.—Ruben's famous *Chapeau de Paille*, of the sale of which in Holland we gave an account, is also at present exhibited in Bond Street. It seems to be in the hands of a dealer, Mr. Smith; and not to have been purchased for the King, as was stated. The admission price has hitherto been extravagant, (2s. 6d.) and the picture consequently little seen. And it appears to us, after all, rather to deserve the character of a curious effort of the pencil—an extraordinary instance of the perfection to which certain powers of colour may be carried—than of a work of the highest rank. The union of transparency and solidity in the head is astonishing; the eyes are in liquid light, the mouth delicious, the shadow over the forehead perfection; but the nose is not beautiful, and the whole expression of the countenance falls short of the loveliness of particular features. The flesh colouring of the bosom is nature itself, but the form is even disagreeable,—narrow, compressed, and uninviting. The hands are delicious, and the dress altogether free and enchanting. Were we to endeavour to describe its general effect upon us, we should say that it was that of an embodied shadow, not of woman, in all the magic charms of natural and feminine reality. We think of the painter more than of his subject, and while we bow to the delusion of art, we fail to feel its influence upon the heart. We were sorry to see that time had seamed the panel widely quite across, by the hands, and with an upright fracture, which are injurious to the picture.

REMARKABLE FOREIGNERS.

Mons. Esbrayat, the only one now remaining in this country of the three interesting foreigners whom we lately noticed, exhibited his fine form on Saturday last to a select assemblage of men of science. He went through above thirty different attitudes, many in imitation of the most celebrated antique statues. His grand and beautiful figure excited the admiration of all present; and the ease, spirit, and feeling with which he entered into the action of the several positions, repeatedly called forth the united applause of the assembly. The grandeur of his form is suitable to the characters of the three brother gods, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune, and greatly resembles the latter in the *Elgin Marbles*—the natural beauty of which his figure still more strongly confirms, if farther confirmation were necessary.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.

[To be continued occasionally.]

Vandyke consulting his Mistress on a Picture in Cooke's Exhibition.

Beautiful Art! my worship is for thee—
The heart's entire devotion. When I look
Upon thy radiant wonders, every pulse
Is thrill'd as in the presence of divinity.
Pictures, bright pictures, oh! they are to me
A world for thought to revel in. I love
To give a history to every face, to think—
As I thought with the painter—as I knew
What his high communing had been.

Yes, he is seeking in those eyes
His light, his fame, his own heart prize!
How vain to that idolater
Is this world's praise, if wanting her
Sweet seal, a smile. His lofty brow
Has almost woman's softness now;
And that dark cheek, and darker eye
Where lightning-gleams of genius lie,
And that so haughty lip's proud curl,
Are mild before that fair young girl,
As if that delicate slight hand
Had magic like a fairy wand,
As if those deep blue eyes had power
Like sunshine in a stormy hour.
It was an almost childish face,
Yet in its first soft spring of grace—
A rosebud, ere the sun has set
Which saw it bloom; a violet,
Or ere the tears of morning melt—
The first dew-fall it ever felt.
Yet was it pale, as with excess
Of overmuch fond tenderness.
Her mouth—a very mine of bliss,
A blossom fresh from the bee's kiss,—
Was near to his, as if to steal
But one breath from him was to feel
The air of paradise;—her arm
Was round his neck;—and oh the charm
Of the delicious drooping lid
Which half her soft eye's lustre hid!
Ah, Woman has no look so sweet
As that, when, half afraid to meet
The look she loves, blushes betray
All the suppressed glance would say.
'Tis a sweet picture! But what shade
Would not be lovely, which portrayed
Genius and love, the union bright
Of meteor-flash and soft moonlight?

Hope, from a design by a Lady.

She leant upon an Anchor, and a smile,
Half light, half love, played o'er her lips the while;
A green braid in her chequy hair was worn—
The colour Hope and Spring have ever borne.

Radiant Spirit! first of all
Shining in the coronal
Of the joys that yet arise,
Rainbow gleams of paradise.
Sweet Hope! every pleasant flower
Suns itself in thy glad power;
Every sorrow comes to thee,
Desart fount for Misery!
Guide and beauty of Love's wings,
Cradle whence young Genius springs,
Could the Poet's spirit cope
This rude world, uncheered by Hope?
Could the glorious Painter trace
Brow of beauty, shape of grace,
Nurse his visions as they rise,
But for thy dear flatteries?
Fair Hope! are there none to raise
Hymn and altar in thy praise?
Yes, thy hymn shall rise from her,
On earth thy sweet minister,
Woman, whose so soothing tone
Caught its echo of thine own;

And for incense shall arise
Breath of her delicious sighs;
And thy shrine be flowers, that bear
Morning sun and evening air.
Bright Hope! these alone can be
Priest and Temple worthy thee!

Portrait of a Girl, in the British Gallery,
by T. Stewardson.

I do but give faint utterance to the thoughts
That curled her coral lip, and filled her eyes
With laughing malice.

In truth, dear Love, 'twas a fitting gift

The gift which you gave to me:

A spring-flower wreath, whose short sweet life
Is like love's life with thee.

You are a gay and a gallant love,

The wooer that woman likes best,
With a heart that roves like that eastern bird
Whose pinions are never at rest.

Never was lover more suited to me;

My heart is yet lighter than thine; [blows,
Did it change like the vane with each wind that
It could not change oftener than mine.

Some Cupids have wings of the butterfly's plume,

While some have the wings of the dove;

The first is the Cupid most fitting for me—
I could not wear the willow for love.

I care not for falsehood, I can be false too;

Love one love, there are others in plenty;

And if that my lover should dare break one vow,
To punish him I can break twenty. L. E. L.

L'ATTENTE.

Adapted to a plaintive German Air.

Couché tristement sur la rive,
J'attends ma Phillis tout le jour;
Et chante, d'une voix plaintive,
Ma peine aux Echos d'alentour.

Sous les traits de la belle Aurore,
Je croyais la voir s'approcher—
Mais c'est en vain que je l'implore,
Mes vœux ne sauraient la toucher.

Le midi vient; mais sa lumière,
Sans Phillis, n'est rien pour mes yeux:
Le soir succède, et ma bergère
Se refuse encore à mes vœux.

Brillante sur son char d'ébène
La lune m'annonce la nuit—
Et, sans mettre fin à ma peine,
Met fin au jour qui s'enfuit.

Que vois-je? le long de la rive
Une belle avance à grand pas! —
Elle accourt, approche—elle arrive,
Et Phillis est entre mes bras. Z.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE,

A MAN whose death the majority of our readers will feel as if it were the loss of a dear personal friend—such are the ties which link the public to the ornaments of the stage;—JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE departed this life at Lausanne on the 25th of February. His illness was of short duration, and the close of his days was passed in the calm enjoyment of flowers and sunshine. With the break of day he was in his favourite garden, and a fine climate and contented mind led him tranquilly and gradually to the

"Last scene of all"

That ends this strange eventful history."

The biography of this distinguished and lamented individual has been so often printed, that a repetition of it could hardly furnish one novelty. Our summary shall therefore be brief. He was the son of Mr. Roger Kem-

ble, and born in 1757 at Prescot in Lancashire. Being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, his first studies were pursued at Sedgeley Park, Staffordshire; and he thence went to the College of Donay, with the view of finishing his education for the church. But the Stage had stronger attractions, and on his return to England he appeared at the theatres of Liverpool, York, and Edinburgh; and afterwards, during two seasons, at Dublin. His debut in London took place 30th Sept. 1783, when he performed Hamlet at Drury Lane. His success was great; but it was not till the retreat of Mr. Smith, in 1788, that he succeeded to the highest walk in the drama. His theatrical career from that period to his own retirement was not marked with many changes, except from character to character, from Drury Lane to Covent Garden, from actor to manager, from manager to proprietor. In all these relations he dignified the profession to which he belonged, and refined and improved the stage. To him we are indebted for Shakespeare as we now witness his immortal plays represented; and to him we owe generally the correctness and elevation which renders the modern Drama, in all its relations, private as well as public, a noble contrast to the drama of elder times. Mr. KEMBLE was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a performer of the noblest order. He adapted and wrote many pieces,* and also once came forth as a poet, but with no eclat. In social life he was highly esteemed, and has borne to the grave with him a character far surpassing any which he ever personated.

The wish to see a Monument erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Mr. KEMBLE has been expressed in the public Journals, and we are gratified to find, in our intercourse with private society, the universal zeal and good-will with which the idea has been adopted. KEMBLE, as the first tragedian of his day, occupied a large space in the public eye; and it is not fitting that the memory of those talents which made the delight of a generation, should pass away with a thing so fleeting as human life. As the reformer of the Stage, he deserves the deepest gratitude of the Stage. No man contributed more to raise the character of his profession; and no man was more fitted, by his general scholarship, the grace of his manners, and the power of his understanding, to throw respect round the name of an Actor. The memory of such men makes a part of the public honour, a portion of the claim of our age to the respect of posterity. His monument is less a tribute to the individual, than a popular title to veneration for our own day, a lasting commendation to the honour and homage of times to come.

A Public Meeting must be called for this purpose. The names of a few men of rank and literature, signed to a requisition for a meeting at any of the usual places, would bring round them at once the whole literary body of the metropolis. A few simple resolutions might embody the sense of the assembly. Applications might then be made for the extension of the subscription through the

* *Belshazzar's tragedy*, acted at Hall 1778, never printed; *Female Officer*, a farce, at York 1779, never printed; *O! It's impossible*, altered from the Comedy of Errors, 1b. 1780; *The Pannel*, a farce; *'Tis well 'tis no Worse*; *The Farm House*, a comedy; *Love in many Masks*, a comedy; *Lodowick*, a romance; *Celadon and Florimel*, a comedy. *Fugitive Pieces*, 1780.

country. The Design for the Monument ought to be thrown open to a competition of all artists. The whole strength of the arts, of literature, and the lovers of the drama, might thus be combined, and a Monument be produced honourable to the public taste and the national gratitude.

THE REV. WM. DINGLEY,
Born in Yorkshire, a gentleman known to the whole literary world, died on the 11th inst. at his house, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury. His Animal Biography is a work familiar to most of the European languages; and has gone through four or five editions at home. We know not how the *ms.* of his History of Hampshire is left; but it bid fair to be a work of the best kind. His other principal publications are, a Tour in Wales about twenty years ago; the Economy of a Christian Life; Memoirs of British Quadrupeds; Biographical Dictionary of Musical Composers. Mr. B. was also ardent in general literary pursuits, and a considerable collector.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Notes taken at advising the Action of Damages and Defamation, Alexander C. . . . m, Jeweller, in Edinburgh, against Mr. James R. . . . ll, Surgeon there. By G. C. Esq.*

L-d P—nt (Campb—t.) Your Lordships have Petition of Alex. Cunningham against Lord B—s Interlocutor. It is a case of Defamation and Damages for calling the Petitioner's Diamond Beetle an Egyptian Louse.

You have the Lord Ordinary's very distinct Interlocutor on pages 29 and 30 of the petition: "Having considered the condescendence of the Pursuer, answers for the Defendant, and so on, finds in respect it is not alleged that the diamonds on the back of the Diamond Beetle are real diamonds, or any thing but shining spots, such as are found on other Diamond Beetles, which likewise occur, though in a smaller number of other Beetles, somewhat different from the Beetle libelled, similar to which there may be Beetles in Egypt, with shining spots on their backs, which may be termed Lice there, and may be different not only from the common Louse mentioned by Moses as one of the plagues of Egypt, which is admitted to be a filthy, troublesome Louse, even worse than the said Louse which is clearly different from the Louse libelled; but the other Louse is the same with or similar to the said Beetle, which is also the same with the other Beetle, and although different from the said Beetle libelled, yet as the same Beetle is similar to the other Beetle, and the said Louse to said Beetle, and the said Beetle to the other Louse libelled, and the said Louse to the other Beetle, which is the same with or similar to the Beetle which somewhat resembles the Beetle libelled, assizes the Defender, and finds expences due."

Say away, my Lords.

* This clever *jeu d'esprit* belongs to the northern Capital, and though of some standing, was never (to our knowledge) published before. Its writer, one of the most distinguished men of his time, will not, we trust, be displeased at our giving publicity to a playful satire which could hardly pain any personal feeling, and which affords so humorous a picture of not only the Court of Session, but of courts of law generally, where much ludicrous trifling, mis-called labour, is often wasted in making plain matters obscure.

Lord M—b—k. This is a very intricate and puzzling question, my Lord. I have formed no decided opinion, but at present I am rather inclined to think the Interlocutor is right, though not upon the ratio assigned in it. It appears to me there are two points for consideration: 1st, Whether the words libelled amount to a convicium against the Beetle. 2d, Admitting the convicium, whether the Pursuer is entitled to found upon it in this action.

Now, my Lord, if there be a convicium at all, it consists in the comparatio, or comparison, of the Scarabeus, or Beetle, with the Egyptian Pediculus, or Louse. The first doubt regards this point, but it is not at all founded on what the Defender alleges, that there is no such animal as an Egyptian Pediculus in rerum natura; for though it does not actually exist, it may possibly exist, and whether its existence is *esse* or *posse* is the same to this question, provided there be termini habiles for ascertaining what it would be if it did exist. But my doubt lies here—How am I to discover what is the essentia of any Louse, whether Egyptian or not? It is very easy to describe it by its accidents as a naturalist, Apteris (or that it is a little, filthy, yellow, greedy, despicable reptile;) but we do not learn from this what the proprium of the animal is in a logical sense, and still less what are its differentia. Now without these it is impossible to judge whether there is a convicium or not; for in a case of this kind, which sapit naturam delicti, we must take the words in meliori sensu, and presume the comparatio to be in melioribus tantum. And I here beg that the parties, and the bar, and general—(Interrupted by Lord H—m—d,—“Your Lordship should address yourself to the Chair.”) I say, my Lord, I beg it may be understood that I do not rest my opinion upon the ground that veritas convicii excusat: I am clear that although the Beetles actually were an Egyptian Pediculus, it would afford no relevant defence, providing the calling it so were a convicium; and there my doubt lies.

With regard to the 2d point, I am satisfied that the Scarabeus, or Beetle himself, has no personi standi in judicio, and therefore the Pursuer cannot insist in the name of the Scarabeus, or for his behoof. If the action lies at all, it must be at the instance of the Pursuer himself, as the Verus Dominus of the Scarabeus, for being calumniated through the convicium directed principally against the animal standing in that relation to him. Now abstracting from the qualification of an actual damnum, which is not alleged, I have great doubts whether a mere convicium is necessarily transmitted from one object to another through the relation of a damnum subsisting between them; and if not necessarily transmissible, we must see the principle of its actual transmission here, and that has not yet been pointed out.

Lord H—m—d. We heard a little ago, my Lord, that this is a difficult case. I have not been fortunate enough, for my part, to find out where the difficulty lies. Will any man presume to tell me that a Beetle is not a Beetle, and that a Louse is not a Louse? I never saw the Petitioner's Beetle, and what is more, I don't care whether I ever see it or not; but I suppose it's like other Beetles, and that's enough for me.

But, my Lord, I know the other reptile well. I have seen them, my Lord—I have felt them ever since I was a child in my mother's arms; and my mind tells me that

nothing but the deepest and blackest malice rankling in the human heart could have suggested this comparison, or led any man to form a thought so injurious and insulting. But, my Lord, there is more here than all that—a great deal more. One would think that the Defender could have gratified his spite to the full by comparing this Beetle to a common Louse—an animal sufficiently vile and abominable for the purpose of defamation.—Shut that outer door there.—He adds, my Lord, the epithet “Egyptian.” I well know what he means by that epithet—he means, my Lord, a Louse which has fattened in the head of a gipsy or tinker, undisturbed by the comb, and unmolested in the enjoyment of its native filth. He means a Louse ten times larger and ten times more abominable than those with which your Lordship or I am familiar. The Petitioner asks redress for this injury so atrocious and so aggravated, and as far as my voice goes, he shall not ask it in vain.

Lord C—g. I am of the opinion last delivered. It appears to me slanderous and calumnious to compare a Diamond Beetle to the filthy and mischievous animal libelled. By an Egyptian Louse, I understand one which has been found in the head of a native Egyptian, a race of men who, after degenerating for many centuries, have sunk at last into the abyss of depravity in consequence of having been subjugated for a time by the French. I do not find that Targot, or Condorcet, or the rest of the economists, ever reckoned combing the head a species of productive labour. I conclude, therefore, that wherever French principles have been propagated, lice grow to an immoderate size, especially in a warm climate like that of Egypt. I shall only add, that we ought to be sensible of the blessings we enjoy under a free and happy Constitution, where Lice and men live under the restraints of equal laws—the only equality that can exist in a well-regulated state.

Lord B—l—o. Aww for refusing the petition. There more Lice nor Beetles in Fife. They call Beetles Clokes there. I thought when I read the petition, that the Beetle, or Bettle, had been the thing that the women has when they are washing towels or napery, and things for dadding them with. And I see this Petitioner is a Jeweller till his trade, and I thought that he had made one of thir Beetles, and set it all round with diamonds, and I thought it an extravagant and foolish idea; and I see no resemblance it could have to a Louse. But I find I was mistaken, my Lord, and I find it is only a Beetle Cloke the Petitioner has; but my opinion's the same it was before. I say, my Lord, Aww for refusing the petition I say.

L-d W—st—lee. There is a case abridged in the 3d Volume of the Dictionary of Decisions (Chalmers versus Douglas,) in which it was found that veritas convicii excusat, which may be rendered not literally, but in a free and spirited manner, according to the most approved principles of translation, “The truth of a calumny affords a relevant defence.” If, therefore, it be the law of Scotland, which I am clearly of opinion it is, that the truth of a calumny affords a relevant defence; and if it be likewise true that the Diamond Beetle is really an Egyptian Louse, I am really inclined to conclude, though certainly the case is attended with difficulty, that the Defender ought to be assized.—Refuse.

Lord J. C. R—e. I am very well acquainted

with the Defender in this action, and have a great respect for him, and esteem him likewise. I know him to be a skilful and expert surgeon, and also a good man, and I would do a great deal to serve him, or to be of use to him, if I had it in my power to do so; but I think on this occasion that he has spoken rashly, and, I fear, foolishly and improperly. I hope he had no bad intention—I am sure he had not. But the Petitioner, for whom I have likewise a great respect, has a Clock, or a Beetle—I think it is called a Diamond Beetle—which he is very fond of, and has a fancy for; and the Defender has compared it to a Louse, or a Bug, or a Flea, or something of that kind, with a view to make it despicable or ridiculous, and the Petitioner so likewise, as the proprietor or owner of it. It is said that this beast is a Louse in fact, and that the veritas concilii excusat. And mention is made of a decision in the case of Chalmers against Douglas. I have always had a great veneration for the decisions of your Lordships, and I am sure will always continue to have while I sit here; but that case was determined by a very small majority, and I have heard your Lordships mention it on various occasions, and you have always considered the propriety of it, and I think have departed from it in some instances. I remember the circumstances of the case very well. Helen Chalmers lived in Musselburgh, and the Defender, Mrs. Baillie, lived in Fisher Row. And at that time there was much intercourse between the genteel inhabitants of Musselburgh, and Fisher Row, and Inveresk, and likewise Newbigging; and there were balls, or dances, or assemblies, every fortnight, and also sometimes, I believe, every week. And there were likewise card-assemblies once a fortnight, or oftener, and the young people danced there also, and others played at cards; and there were various refreshments, such as tea and coffee, and butter and bread, and I believe, but I am not sure, porter and negus, and likewise small-beer. And it was at one of these assemblies that Mrs. Baillie called Mrs. Chalmers a —, or an adulteress, and said she had lain with Commissioner Carnel, a gentleman whom I knew well at one time, and had a great deal of respect for—he is dead many years ago. And Mrs. Chalmers brought an action of defamation before the Commissaries, and it came by advocacy into this Court; and your Lordships allowed a proof of the veritas concilii, and it lasted a long time, and answered in the end no good purpose even to the Defender himself, while it did much harm to the character of the Pursuer.

I am, therefore, for refusing such a proof in this case; and I think the Petitioner and his Beetle have been slandered, and the petition ought to be seen.

Lord P.—It should be observed, my Lords, that what is called a Beetle is a reptile well known in this country. I have seen many a one o' them on Druusherlin Muir. It's a little black beastie about the size o' my thoom-nail. The country-people ca' them Cloks, and I believe they ca' them also Maggy w' the money feet. But this is no the least like any Louse I ever saw; so that in my opinion, though the Defender may have made a blunder through ignorance in comparing them, there does not seem to me to have been any animus injuriandi; therefore I am for refusing the petition, my Lords.

L.—a M.—n. If I understand this—a—a—a—

—Interlocutor, it is not said that the—a—a—

Egyptian Lice are Beetles, but that they may be, or—a—a—a—resemble Beetles. I am, therefore, for sending this process to the Ordinary to ascertain that fact, as I think it depends upon that whether there be—a—a—a—convicium or not. I think also that the Petitioner should be ordained to—a—a—a—produce his Beetle, and the a—a—a—Defender an Egyptian Louse; and if he has not one, he should take a diligence—a—a—a—to recover Lice of various kinds, and these may be—a—a—a—remitted to—a—a—Dr. Monro, or to—a—a—a—Mr. Playfair, or to other naturalists, to report upon the subject.—Agreed to.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 5, 1823.

WHEN you have read the accounts which our Journals give of the tremendous agitation occasioned by political discussions, you will hardly expect a letter on literary subjects. In fact, nothing is either talked of or thought of but politics. The Cortes and the Chambers—M. Manuel and M. Bourdonnais—Mr. Canning and M. Chateaubriand—the national guards and the gendarmes—voilà! the universal and eternal topics. To speak of any thing else is a sort of heresy—a species of barbarism. So it is that almost every journalist, except those who write not only *cum privilegio*, but by order, has to relate some history or other of seizure, prosecution, imprisonment. The *Album* has just been sentenced, the *Apollon* is just seized, and the *Miroir*, the *Courrier des Spectacles*, le *Reveil*, les *Lunes Parisiennes*, are cited before the police.

M. A. Thiers has managed to get out a book which suits the spirit of the times—*Les Pyrénées, et le Midi de la France, pendant les mois de Novembre et de Décembre 1822*. M. Thiers had the good fortune to meet in his travels the far-famed Régence d'Urgel. He gives the portraits, or rather the descriptions, of the principal personages who compose that wandering and quarrelsome corps, from M. Mata-florida, who headed the Inquisition party in 1814, downwards. He fell in also with the *armée de la foi*; and of it he gives the following account:

"I never saw any thing more wretched or more original. Twelve or fifteen hundred miserable creatures, men, women, and children, were stretched on the ground, surrounded with their baggage, which was spread all about. Some were sleeping on a lock of straw, others added their bundles to the straw, and endeavoured to make beds. All were making the best of the little they had, bustling about like ants, making a confused noise, using a sort of barbarous dialect, and exhibiting a most disgusting filthiness. Outside of the camp were some mules, their eyes covered with copper plates after the Spanish fashion, and their heads encumbered with ornaments. The rations distributed among them were devoured with brutal eagerness. Those who were less wretched and squalid than their companions, had a little salted meat; but the mass had only the addition of the water of a neighbouring torrent. The women appeared much more dejected and distressed than the men. I saw some of them take their children from their backs to place them at their breasts, from which the poor infants could scarcely obtain a drop of milk. These unfortunate beings, exhausted by a long march, and confused by the strangeness of a foreign country, seemed to sink under the rude climate of the northern side of the

Pyrénées, and the turbulence and violence of their savage husbands, and alone to bear the evils of civil war. The men were only excited by the want of the supply of bread; and as soon as they were satisfied they threw themselves, one after another, on the ground, where they lay like beasts that have toiled out the day.* After having observed these unhappy hands, I proceeded across the mountains. The roads were covered with stragglers; and I met parties of officers, monks, curés, and students, with the large Arragonese hat, and their cassocks tucked up, who were certainly in much better case than the poor sufferers I had left.

Cendrillon came out the day before yesterday at the Opera. The richness of the costumes, the magic of the scenery, and the talent of the dancers, will ensure to this *choriographique* work, by M. Albert, a great many representations.

Madame Gerandon, of the Comic Opera, though still young, retired a few months since from the stage. "Pourquoi si tôt?" said some one. "Afin," she replied, "de n'être pas obligée de répondre, à cette autre question plus fâcheuse: Pourquoi si tard?"

* This picture is, we fear, too just; not merely with reference to the corps described, but to all the wretched troops of Spain, without provisions, commissariat, or discipline.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The great ballet of *Alfred*, by M. Aumer, was produced on Saturday with great splendour and complete success. It has since attracted crowded houses, and will no doubt do much towards restoring the affairs of this theatre. We do not hold it needful to detail the incidents. Perhaps our British feelings are rather hostile to a dancing Alfred; but we must say he (Vestris) danced well. So did Ronzi Vestris, and the impassioned Mercandotti, whose expression is that of soul in look and action. The scenery is superb; and the decorations and ensemble so magnificent as to surpass any former production at this house, in our recollection.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday, when to our feeling it would have been graceful not only to shut this theatre but the other, *King John* was played to a very thin house; and *King Lear*, at Drury Lane, to one equally poor. The novelty of the night was Mrs. Ogilvie in Constance. She appeared to be somewhat languid, from her long indisposition, but she looked the character well, and performed the part with great propriety, taste, and refinement. Her attitudes were remarkably beautiful; and in sitting down on the ground, "Here is my throne," she managed to throw much dignity and effect into a very difficult position. Her address to Austria, and the melancholy with which she waited for the French and English Kings, were among the most striking conceptions; but her exit was also exceedingly fine. Upon the whole she sustained her claim to the height in this range of the drama, and showed, that when oftener on the stage, to gather firmness from custom, she will be able to develop her powers more effectually, and add energy to discrimination, feeling, and judgment. Mr. Connor was Mr. Kemble's substitute in *Falconbridge*, and was as well as could be expected. Macready's *John* was all we at first pronounced it to be—a mastery piece, which tried every heart in the theatre. Mr. Bennett repeated his *Hubert* very advantageously.

On Thursday night the *Woodman*, a dullish Opera, was revived. Miss Paton sang most sweetly. Mr. Larkins displayed some capabilities, but was crude, and failed as a whole. Mr. Connor was a good Irishman; and Fawcett as excellent as when the opera first came out.

ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.

In our last we mentioned the Lectures given by Mr. Bartley at the English Opera House, and strongly recommended them to parents and the teachers of youth. The apparatus altogether is magnificent, and the impression it makes on the mind is of a nature to be permanent. The astronomical student will gather more intelligence from it in two hours than by many weeks reading. The illustration of the theory of tides is peculiarly fine, and admirably contrived to explain that wonderfully compounded system of attraction and repulsion, or rather of centripetal and centrifugal force. The grand planetarium is also calculated to engrave on the memory a perfect understanding of the sun and zodiac; while the concluding orrery gives a magnificent idea of the entire solar system. The lecturer delivers his discourse with the utmost clearness and precision.

VARIETIES.

Captain Sabine, it is stated, is on the eve of a voyage to Spitzbergen, to continue the observations for determining the true figure of the earth. Thus Science pursues her research from the Tropic to the Pole. Capt. S. has just returned from the coast of Africa.

Barry Cornwall's new Volume is anticipated in the course of the ensuing week, and excites much expectation:—the appearance of poetry by popular authors having this season fallen short of the usual supply, as well as the usual maximum of merit.

A new Tragedy from the pen of Miss Mitford, is announced for this evening at Covent Garden; and a new Comedy as being in preparation. Of the latter we have heard no favourable bodings.

Bull.—In Peveril of the Peak, speaking of Sir Geoffrey Peveril, Julian his son, and the dwarf Geoffrey Hudson, the author says they attracted general observation, from their resemblance to the three degrees of comparison, Large, Lesser, Least; which is indeed a novel and odd comparison of the positive 'Large!'

Conversion to Christianity.—Madame da Costa, the wife of M. da Costa, a Dutch Jew, and a poet of considerable talents and celebrity; and M. Capadose, a young Jewish physician, have lately been baptised at Leyden. These conversions, which various circumstances combine to render interesting, have created a strong sensation in Holland.

The Stone.—M. Regnaud, an able physician at Grenoble, well known for his success in many difficult cases, has just invented an instrument by which the operation for the stone may be completed in two minutes. Several experiments have confirmed this astonishing fact.

The modern Greeks.—A Greek reviewer, M. Schinas, pronounces a high eulogium on M. Coray, a native of the Isle of Chios, who has for thirty years devoted himself to erudition and philosophy, and who has published editions of most of the ancient Greek authors, accompanied with learned and valuable prefaces; in which the beauties of their various works, and the benefits to be

derived from the study of them, are pointed out at great length, and with considerable ability. M. Schinas thinks that M. Coray has materially contributed to the elevation of mind which the modern Greeks have evinced. With a view to aid his countrymen in their present struggle, and to direct them in the course which they ought to pursue, M. Coray has recently published an edition of Aristotle's *Policy*, with an elaborate preface on the political organization of modern Greece.

Shakespeare.—M. Leoni, of Verona, who had already translated into Italian, Goldsmith's *Traveller*, Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal* and *Rivals*, and Hume's *History of England*, has just published a translation of the twelve tragedies of Shakespeare, which the continental critics say does him great credit. Lear and Richard Second are translated into verse; all the others into prose.

Arabian History and Literature.—The *Leipsic Literary Gazette* speaks of the approaching publication of several interesting posthumous works of the celebrated historian and philologist, Reiske; especially "A history of the Arabs before Mahomet," the manuscript of which had long been lost, but was recently discovered in the library at Lübeck, by M. Hartmann and M. Heinrich.

Egypt.—Nine new numbers have been published, at Paris, of the plates belonging to the "Description of Egypt." They are very interesting; especially one of them, which is remarkably curious and instructive. Before the French Expedition to Egypt, there was no existing memorial in Europe of the useful and household arts of Egypt. The plate in question represents the labours of agriculture, commerce, navigation, hunting, fishing, domestic games, &c. the details of all which are of the most entertaining description.

A posthumous work by M. Tochon d'Anney, late a member of the Institute, has also been published in Paris, called "Historical and Geographical Researches with respect to the Medals of the Nomes, or various districts of Egypt." This work contains a classification and description of forty-eight medals or coins of the Nomes of Egypt; being all that are known. It is important as regards the geography of Egypt in the times of Trajan, Hadrian, and Antonine, the only Emperors who authorized the Nomes of Egypt to strike coins in each Nome.

DREADFUL ERUPTION OF A VOLCANO IN THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

On the 8th of October last year, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a part of the Regency of Sumadang was visited by a most terrible natural phenomenon.

On that day, the mountain of Galoeng-Goeng, on the borders of Sumadang and Limbangan, which was never known to be a Volcano, suddenly emitted a most devastating torrent of Lava, which destroyed no fewer than eighty-eight *kampunges*, and in which above 2000 persons perished. It has not been possible to obtain complete and accurate information respecting this afflicting event; the following particulars, however, may be mentioned. An explosion resembling the report of a piece of heavy artillery was suddenly heard, and a cloud of black smoke was seen to rise from the foot of the mountain, accompanied by such a violent wind, that houses and trees were thrown down by it. On this,

complete darkness ensued, and then for the space of three hours a shower of burning ashes and a torrent of lava, which covered the country all round, to the extent of twenty *pal*, carrying away, baring and burning, the houses, trees, and inhabitants. At the expiration of the three hours it was light again, and a quantity of sand and small stones fell.

The news of this terrible catastrophe did not reach the Resident till the 10th, in the evening: he immediately repaired to the scene of desolation, in the neighbourhood of which he soon arrived; but on account of the heat of the lava on the one side, and the overflowing of the rivers on the other, which had been choked up by the eruption, he was baffled in all his efforts, as late as the 14th, to reach the chief scene of the misfortune. Hospitals were immediately established in four places to receive the great number of wounded, who have escaped death. Every exertion is made to quiet the people of the neighbouring districts, who have fled from their habitations, and to provide them with food.

On the 15th, the Resident, not without much difficulty, got as far as Tassik Molaja, and visited that day Indiahing, Tybocroei, and Lebuiwong, where the desolation is complete, and surpasses all description. Scarcely a single creature has escaped from those places, and most of the corpses were found only a few steps out of the *kampunges*; which proves that the inhabitants, flying from their dwellings, were overtaken by the fiery torrent, and their feet being first burnt, fell down and perished in the most horrible manner.

Up to the 17th, the district of Singaparna was inaccessible. It seems to have suffered less by the torrent of lava; but as it lies low, and the rivers in the neighbourhood are choked up, the inundations cause there the most afflicting ravages. According to some accounts, two hillocks, upon which sixty or eighty persons endeavoured to save themselves from the waters, were carried away, and all those unhappy persons swept at once into the grave. The preservation of this district having been calculated upon to furnish the other districts with necessities and provisions, this circumstance is doubly distressing.

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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

MARCH.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ...	6 from 29 to 41	29.61 to 29.69
Friday ...	7 from 27 to 40	29.63 to 29.41
Saturday ...	8 from 29 to 41	29.45 to 28.97
Sunday ...	9 from 28 to 42	28.99 to 29.46
Monday ...	10 from 27 to 43	29.60 to 29.42
Tuesday ...	11 from 36 to 48	29.57 to 29.83
Wednesday	12 from 31 to 48	29.92 to 30.08

Prevailing winds NW. and SW.—The weather cloudy and clear alternately. A fall of snow on the afternoon of the 7th. Rain and hail at times. Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.R. may observe, that what he cites from the *Literary Gazette* is quotation from Foscolo's Petrarch, and therefore the coincidences with what appeared in the Quarterly Review two years ago, are not plagiarisms of ours, but indications that the writer in that Review is identical with the Essayist on Petrarch.

Time, time; burn, discern; form, borne; come, sun; where, sphere; &c. are rhymes which have sent "Ariel" to the Refuge for the Destitute.

We are obliged to postpone the insertion of various interesting communications relative to the English Academy of Art at Rome, till next week.

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